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Mattabesett

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S. Ward Loper.

MATTABESETT

OR

THE COMING OF THE PALEFACE

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

S. WARD LOPER

Author of "Echoes From The Home of Halleck," etc.

BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS
1911

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DEDICATION

To my daughters, and to my granddaughters,
I dedicate this volume.

They have strewn roses along my
pathway to the Great Unknown,
and, as I draw near my journey's end,
their sweet love and reverence
becomes more and more precious.

SAMUEL WARD LOPER

SAMUEL WARD LOPER was born in Guilford, Connecticut, July 3, 1834, and died in Middletown, Connecticut, March 31, 1910.

In his youth he had an eager aspiration for a liberal education, but the financial condition of the family seemed to make that impracticable. He deemed it his duty to remain at home and work on the farm. During his youth and early manhood he resided in Guilford; later he removed to the adjacent town, Durham, where he spent the last twenty years before his removal to Middletown. The conditions which deprived him of the privileges of school and college could not quench his love of science. He made extensive collections of fossil fishes and plants from localities in Guilford and Durham. In exchanging these fossils for other specimens, geological and mineralogical, he made himself the possessor of a valuable collection, and became acquainted with many scientific men. In this period he formed a life-long friendship with Professor John S. Newberry, to whom he furnished much of the material upon which Newberry's Monograph of the Triassic Plants and Fishes was based. In recognition of his attainments as a self-taught scientist, Trinity College gave him the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1882.

In 1888 he entered Wesleyan University, and was enrolled for three years as a graduate student. He was fifty-four years old when he became a member of the college—probably the oldest student ever on the roll of Wesleyan. Those three years were

devoted to the study of geology and biology. They enabled him to systematize and co-ordinate the necessarily desultory knowledge which he had gathered in the studies of the preceding years.

He served as Instructor in Geology in Trinity College in the year 1890-1891. It was not, however, in class instruction, but in other forms of scientific work that he was to find his career.

At the time when Mr. Loper was studying in Wesleyan, Professor William M. Davis of Harvard, whose investigations in previous years had given the key to the interpretation of the relations of the Triassic sandstone and trap of the Connecticut Valley, was commissioned by the United States Geological Survey to make a detailed study of the whole Triassic area of Connecticut, and was authorized to employ a corps of assistants. Mr. Loper was one of the geologists employed in this work. The special duty assigned to him was the study of the black bituminous shales in which occur the fossil fishes and plants to which his earliest studies had been devoted. He visited the various outcrops of these black shales up and down the valley, and made very extensive collections. He also determined the stratigraphic relations of the black shales, showing that most of the localities belong to two definite horizons, one below and the other above the great lava sheet which forms the conspicuous trap hills of the Connecticut valley. His name appears with that of Professor Davis as joint author of a paper in which these conclusions in regard to the stratigraphy of the two horizons of black shale were announced. Mr. Loper's work on the Triassic made him known to the officers of the United States Geological Survey, by whom he was employed in subsequent years in geological expeditions in various localities. In the

employ of the United States Geological Survey, he worked at Canyon City, Colorado, El Paso, Texas, and in various other parts of the Cordilleran region, on Valcour Island, Lake Champlain, and in New Brunswick, Cape Breton, and Newfoundland. Some of these geological explorations were not destitute of experiences of hardship and peril.

In 1893 Mr. Loper became Assistant in the Museum of Wesleyan University. A year later his title was changed to Curator, and he retained that position until his death. His time, however, during those years was divided between the service of the University and that of the United States Geological Survey, as it was understood when he began his work in the Museum that he could have leave of absence from time to time for the expeditions on which he was sent by the United States Geological Survey.

As Curator of the Museum, he showed unique and extraordinary adaptation for the position, in that he was able to do every kind of work which is required in a Museum. He was a prince of collectors; and his collecting trips to western Maryland, to Chattanooga, Tennessee, to Valcour Island, to Fossil, Wyoming, and Florissant, Colorado, to Herkimer County, New York, and to Nova Scotia, yielded rich treasures for the Geological Department of the Museum. In recent years he also gave a good deal of attention to the localities of minerals and fossils in the vicinity of Middletown, greatly enriching the exhibit of local Geology and Mineralogy in the Museum. He was not only an enterprising and diligent collector himself, but he had a great power of interesting other people in the Museum, so as to secure gifts of specimens and money and co-operation in other ways. He knew how to use the literature necessary for the

identification and classification of the specimens that he collected. He understood the art of effective display of specimens in the Museum. He printed the labels in the Museum on a little printing-press of his own in the Museum office. If he wanted for any special exhibit a case of some peculiar pattern or arrangement, he knew how to build it himself. He added greatly to the usefulness of the Museum as a means of popular instruction by his genial attention to visitors. It was his delight, on days when the Museum was open to the public, to show its treasures to young and old, rich and poor. It was his earnest desire that a special Museum Library might be established, and his own scientific books he gave to the College that they might form a nucleus of such a Library. In the history of the Museum, his name is second only to that of George Brown Goode, who may fairly be called its founder.

Mr. Loper was a man of broad and liberal sympathies. He early acquired a fondness for literature, and the writing of verse formed one of the recreations of his leisure hours. He was a public-spirited citizen. In the score of years in which he resided in Durham, he twice represented that town in the Legislature. After his removal to Middletown, he served for a number of years as one of the Directors of the Young Men's Christian Association. A paper which he read before the Middlesex Historical Society on the life of Henry Clay Work, was largely influential in starting the movement for a monument to that true lover of freedom in his native town. Mr. Loper was a man of earnest religious spirit. He was a loyal member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was liberal in his sympathy with the Church Universal. His irrepressible love of science, which, in spite of all

obstacles, won its way to high achievement, and his unselfish devotion in every form of duty to which he was called, make his life an inspiration.

Professor Newberry gave the name "Loperia" to a genus of Triassic plants, so that Mr. Loper's name will be immortal in the literature of paleontology. To the members of Wesleyan University and the citizens of Middletown, his monument is the Museum in which he worked so lovingly.

William North Rice

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NOTE: MATTABESETT

The earliest known rendering of the aboriginal name of the Middletown, Connecticut, locality was Mattabeseak, or Mattabeseck. As early as 1651 the General Court at Hartford "ordered that Mattabeseck shall be a towne." Later on there was an easy, and scarcely noticeable, change to Mattabesett. This rendering in the pronunciation of the name prevailed until the organization a few years since of one of the Lodges in Middletown when, probably by clerical error, an additional consonant was inserted making the name Mattabessett. Later on one of the hotels assumed the same name which has now become familiar to the rising generation. In a careful search of all available records nowhere does the syllable "bess" appear. The early settlers endeavored to anglicize, as nearly as possible, the Indian names. The author of this volume feels under an obligation to adhere to the orthography that has the sanction and recognition of more than a century of Connecticut history.

MATTABESETT
Or
The Coming of the Paleface

In the land of Mattabesett
Dwelt a race of noble Red Men,
Strong of limb, and stalwart Red Men,
Strong in vibrant nerve and muscle,
Keen of vision, stern in action,
Ever sentient and determined,
Ever stoical in suffering;
Men who loved the land that fed them,
Loved its wealth of needful blessings,
Loved the forests, and the hillsides,
And the meadows, and the rivers,
Loved the broad and winding river
That they called "Connecticut",
Meaning to them "the long river".
Here their sires had lived for centuries,
Here their forest life contented,
And here—by true inheritance,
Their descendants lived and prospered,
And of them this tale is telling;
Telling of the wrongs they suffered,
How their land was taken from them,
Telling of their trusting, and betrayal,
As never yet was truly told
By the race that did the wronging;
Race that covered up their wrongings,—
All the methods of their graspings,
All their cheating of the Red Men
In their selfish aims attaining,
With their rum, and with their muskets,
To wrong and rule the Red Men.

All along the Mattabesett
There had come full many rumors
Of the foreign, pale-faced strangers

Making homes in other places,
But in Mattabesett none had dared,
Or tried, as yet, to be intrusive,
But, at last, a Red Man runner
Came, positive message bringing
That pale-faced men, and pale-faced squaws—
Bringing their pappooses with them,
Were on their way to Mattabesett;
There to build their curious wigwams—
There to make a home among them,
Among the wigwams of the Red Men!
Then was there much wondering, questioning,
Much of hurrying, to and fro;
O'er the river couriers speeding,
Through the tribe the tidings bearing
To thousands on the eastern shore.
From each wigwam came they quickly—
Old and young came, full of interest,
Gathering into groupings many,
All the tidings there discussing.
Some were curious, some were anxious;
Some would like to see the pale face,
Many doubted that it was best
Thus to let them come among them.
Very soon from the Council House,
Upon the western hillside crest,
Came the signals—unmistaken,
Calling thereto all the chieftains.
There would Sowheag, mighty Sachem,
Wisely consultation with them hold,
Hear all judgments, and all wishes,
Whether they should greet the strangers—
Greet and welcome them as brothers,
And smoke with them the pipe of peace,
Or, at once, forbid their entrance
To the land of Mattabesett.
Silently the chieftains gathered,
Silently they sat and pondered,

As was ever then their custom,
Not a nerve or muscle moving
Until Sowheag calmly told them
All the word about the strangers,
How they made such kind professions,
And a white flag of peace displayed;
Said the God the Paleface worshipped
Was the same as their Great Spirit,
God of love, and giving blessings,
Told how he had given the Paleface
Things much better than their own;
Better than their bows and arrows,
Better tools for cutting and for digging,
And animals for food and working.
Told how once when forest trailing
He had met a pale-faced hunter,
How the hunter gave him greeting,
And from a hollow, shining stone
Made him drink a wondrous liquid
That made him feel strong and happy;
If drink like this the Paleface had—
Something they with them would share,
It might be well to welcome them,
"But O, my chiefs, I am not sure!
I lay my hand on mother earth,
And through my frame there comes a chill
That gives me sense of doubt and fear;
This is our home, and here we thrive,
We love the forest and the streams,
All is ours, they give us all we need,
And shall we keep them if these strangers come—
Come with their unusual ways and weapons?
They may multiply, and want more room,
And, with their weapons, may they not
Push us aside if we oppose?
I have forebodings in my heart,
My soul is sad to think of this,
And what the end may be.

Wabona, our weapon-maker,
Whose mind has intuitions true,
We hear, even now, is chanting
A prophesy of evil hours.
Chieftains I wait your words to hear".

Again they sat awhile in silence,
Then a chieftain arose, and said—
"Are we not strong enough to hold
These pale-faced strangers in restraint?
At once, upon our Sachem's call
We have five hundred warriors,
And they can quickly drive them forth,
Elsewhere to seek and make a home
If they attempt to wrong us here.
May it not be well to let them come,
And we will all their knowledge gain,
And soon no longer have to toil,
Or fight, with what we have of stone.
We can get their secrets from them,
And make—ourselves, the helpful drink
That gave our Sachem such delight.
Wabona is sad, it is true,
And prophesies of evil days,
For well he knows his day is o'er,
And his work will be discarded
If these people come among us.
Sorry are we for Wabona,
We would not cease to honor him,
His work declares his perfect skill,
But the weapons of the Paleface
Give the Paleface greater power,
And the Great Spirit doubtless wills
The Red Man should that power share;
Should we be heedless of that will,
And turn away from betterment?
Our Sachem may be right, I may be wrong,
It is not now for me to say;

We will follow where our Sachem leads.
He has spoken, I have spoken."

Now another space of silence;
Then again the Sachem spoke.
"No other voice sustains my voice;
If it is the Great Spirit's will,
And, as it seems to be, your will,
Against all that I cannot stand.
There is no further time to spend,
The Palefaces are on their way,
And very shortly will be here,
And we must preparation make.
This side of Sebethe they can stay,
The high land there shall be theirs,
And the tall tree a landmark make
To guide them to their stopping place.
Such message we will send to them,
And tell them that we wish them well.
They are coming with their strange horned beasts,
Which they are driving on before them,
And much of goodly space will need,
And good sweet grass for them to eat.
An Indian never wrongs a guest;
These strangers we will treat as guests,
And give them good and sightly land,
Where they can ease and comfort find,
And build such shelter as they wish.
O'erlooking—as it does, the meadows green,
Where all their cattle there can feed,
And they can see that they are safe,
And every day can drink their fill
From out the stream onflowing past.
Long as the Paleface keeps his word—
The pledge of peace he sends to us,
Nor strives for more than we would give,
So long we are his faithful friends,
And so would shield him from all harm.

But O, I cannot help the fear I have
They will be hard to satisfy,
And, ere long, will crowd upon us,
And more and more will want their way.
The sad chill is still upon me,
The sun seems not as bright to-day,
A gloomy mist drifts o'er the land,
The forest leaves are tremulous,
The giant oaks have sense of fear,
And a sigh sweeps through their branches;
The water of our noble river
Kisses mournfully the waiting shore;
The grief that comes into my heart
Is all nature's premonition.

Silent then they left the council;
Their Sachem ever honoring
They could but feel he might be right,
And their feet were somewhat laggard
As they went forth to do his bidding.
But they had that inborn longing—
Never to be outgrown in man,
For something curious and new,
Although it give no certain promise
Of great beneficence or joy,
And such the craving that prevailed
Among the many that they met.
Wabona, though,—the weapon-maker,
Coming from his rock-house shelter
Where he made his prideful weapons,
Shared the saddening sense prophetic
That Sowheag had felt so strongly,
And, with clairvoyant perception,
These warning words he monotoned.
Looking out upon the river,
Looking over vale and hillside,

Looking into forest shadows,
With soul oppressed he monotoned.

THE WAILING OF WABONA

"O, woe is me that I have lived
To see such darkening shadow fall
Upon the land of Mattabesett.
The Indian's happy days are over!
The pale-faced spoilers are coming.
Last night, beneath my rock-house home,
Earth's foundations there were trembling;
The evil demon, long encaverned
'Neath the craggy heights of Moodus,
Was quivering there in horrid glee,
And laughter more like awful groanings,
Rejoicing, with a sense acute,
Of trouble to Mattabesett coming;
Of blood and devastation,
Of grand old forests felled,
And the quietness of nature
Disturbed by wearying unrest;
The pipe of peace in anger crushed,
And sacred homes all broken up,
And sacrificed to Paleface greed.
O, little children, that I love so well,
And with you have comfort taken
In all your happy, childhood life,
And dreamed, and prayed, for you to have
Great measure of life's pleasant things,
I look with pity on you now,
For you are born to such suffering
As all before have never known.
You will live to see the Red Men
A homeless and degraded race.
O, woe it is to see the dawn
Of such a day as this,
The wicked spoilers are coming."

They came, a little band, but strong
In all the knowledge they possessed,
And quickly made their presence felt.
Around the tall, outspreading elm
They temporary shelters made,
And there they planned for future work.
Their cattle, loose upon the river meadow,
Filled themselves with luxuriant grass.
And already in their dreamy eyes
They had a most contented look.
The tired pilgrims rejoicing were;
It was to them a pleasant sight
That there—outspread, before them lay.
The broad and gently flowing river
Encurved around the craggy hills
That southward, crowned with evergreen,
Shut out the world that lay beyond.
All along the sloping hillsides—
Uprising from the verdant meadows,
Clustered among the lofty trees,
Were the wigwams of the Red Men.
On the eastern and western shores
Three thousand Mattabesetts lived,
The proud and prosperous people
That had allowed them there to come.
To and fro, across the river,
Canoes were swiftly speeding,
Many laden with visitors
Hurrying from the eastern shore
To see the pale-faced travellers
Who came to make a home with them.
The keen-edged axe of the new comers
Already made an echoing sound
In the great, primeval forest,
And grand old trees, of century growth,
Were falling with a dismal groaning

That made the heart of Sowheag ache.
It was the first bold move they made
Without full right and permission.
Already were the foundations marked
Where the huge logs would soon be hauled
To build the large log-cabin house,
Built for fortress, and for shelter,
And storage of their household goods.
And soon—near by, there would be built
The smaller homes for families.
The Palefaces claimed nearness unto God,
And when what they called "the Lord's Day",
For the first time they there observed,
They gathered under the lofty elm,
And there they offered up their prayers,
And gave thanksgiving for the good the Lord had done
In bringing them to such a home.
It was a strange, impressive sight,
With the Red Men encircling round
With all their squaws and little ones,
And lithe young men, and red-cheeked maids,
All clad in deer-skin garments
Enwrought with fringe, and colors gay.
It was a peaceful, happy scene
Upon that fair October day,
With naught to show what was to come.
In the true devotion that they saw—
Though not in language understood,
And in the sweet melodies they heard,
The Red Men could not have had a thought
That such a people could ever wrong them,
Or that they would enemies become.
It was the "calm before the storm."
Soon band after band arrived,
From Massachusetts trailing down;
And up the river, in ships, they came,
All crowding, crowding in to gain

A foothold where they had no right
Save what they trumped up, and assumed.
And in those ships much rum they brought,
With that to easier gain their will,
And much they brought of gay-colored stuffs,
Made up in every tawdry way,
And tinkling trinkets, and glass beads,
Sparkling in every rainbow hue,—
All these in profusion they brought
To tempt the maidens and the squaws,
To whose unaccustomed eyes
They seemed of priceless value.
The little children, too, were drawn
Into the strong, ensnaring net,
And penny dolls were given them,
And gaily painted wooden toys,
To help to force the favoring tide,
And all were made awhile to think
The "Happy Land" was here on earth,
And nothing better could they know.
They were too innocent of guile
To see the end so sure to come.
Their chiefs—for a few drinks of rum,
Or an old, discarded, worn-out gun,
Would make a mark on parchment deeds
Not knowing just how much it meant,
That gave the Paleface legal hold
Upon broad tracts of precious land;
Though even this was but a trick
To trap the untutored Red Man,
And have over him completest power,
For the Paleface already held
Unrighteous deeds from England given,
Given under that common law
Still recognized, and kept in force,
The right of a powerful nation
By "discovery" to assume
What belongs to other people.

By all these *civilized* (?) methods
The Paleface gained his right and rule,
And Red Men lost the right they had
In the land of Mattabesett.
The woful transformation came
With a resistless, grasping force;
In a few short years the Red Man there
Was but a shadow of the past,
To deepest degradation driven.
Even Sowheag—a drunkard made
By the drink he once extolled,
Was little more than raging beast,
Into such desperation was he brought.
The very men that he had favored,
And, at their coming, had bestowed
So freely all that they desired,
Soon called him "base and treacherous,"
And so all history calls him.
But is it strange if he rebelled,
Or, with his suffering people,
Sometimes struck a blow in vengeance?
But such blows only added trouble,
And brought imprisonment and death,
Or what was something worse to them,
For Indians—taken captive then,
When fighting against the Paleface,
Were into the Indies sent*
And into vilest slavery sold.

Such is the story truly told
Of the coming of the Paleface;
Of the wronging of the Red Man;
How his land was taken from him,
The fair land of Mattabesett,
With the forest—grand, primeval,
With the broad, onflowing river,

*Barber's Historical Collections.

With the fair and fruitful meadows,
And the charms of hill and valley;
How his life was wrecked and ruined,
Every noble instinct blunted
By the Paleface greed and temptings.
Once his ways of life were simple,
Close to healthful nature living,
Loving all that nature giveth,
With the gifts from God contented,
Looking ever up from nature
To the Great Spirit Father,
And still "happier hunting grounds"
When the chill of death should touch him.
Such the life the Paleface ruined.
Thus the Paleface seemed to prosper
In his greed and in his graspings,
In all his wicked will to wrong;
But such sin goes not unpunished,
Though the judgment cometh slowly.
Dark days came unto the Paleface,
With blood-shedding, and all the fear
That power tyrannical must bring.
The Pale-faced Man's descendants
Knew what it was to be oppressed,
Long years to struggle, and to suffer,
But in all those years were noble men
Who strove, with most righteous care,
To purify and cleanse all life;
They were the leaven that could save,
And out of evil bring great good,
And before a waiting, watching world
A mighty nation has matured.

As a unit of an honored State—
A State that holds essential part
In a great brotherhood of States,
That wins the reverence of the world—
As such unit, Mattabesett

Comes through all evil ways and times
Into a higher, better life.
The ancient pride of Mattabesett—
The forest grand, primeval,
Could not outlive the ancient race
That lived contented in its shade,
But in its place there is to-day
A beautiful "Forest City"—
A "Fair Forest City" called,
And along the broad and well-kept streets
Enshading elms and maples are,
The seedlings of the trees primeval,
And the pride of a happy people
Who seek the highest good for all.

THE SACHEM OF MATTABESETT

The Indian Hill Cemetery at Middletown, is one of the most impressive scenic localities in Connecticut. It overlooks both Middletown and Portland, with glimpses of the river, and, to a great extent, the beautiful hills and valleys of the surrounding country. At the time of the invasion of this region by the Whites, Sowheag, the Sachem of the Mattabesett tribe, had his lodge on the crest of Indian Hill, and his people had their homes on the sloping hillsides on both sides of the river. In Barber's Historical Collections it is stated that Sowheag had 500 drilled warriors subject to his command. This locality and the legend associated with it suggested the following poem.

On Indian Hill at close of day
I lingered—resting there,
To watch the daylight fade away
O'er all that landscape fair.
The sun had left a crimson glow
Along the western sky,
Where fleecy clouds—as white as snow,
Were slowly drifting by.
Upon their crests lay tintings rare
Of purple and of gold
That made them more surpassing fair,
More glorious to behold.
But shades of night came on apace,
On mystic moving wing,
That wondrous glory to efface,
And gloom and darkness bring;
And over hill, and over dell,
With ever chilling flow,
The creeping, deepening shadows fell
Like some relentless foe.
Up to the city of the dead

They held their stealthy way
Till every ray of light had fled
As exiled far away,
And granite grey, and marble white—
In loving memory reared,
Enrobed in mantle of the night
Completely disappeared.
Entranced by some unwonted power
That kept me lingering there,
I heeded not the gloomy hour,
Or aught that it might bear.
In dreaming state, at last there came
A sense of something near;
Impressions I could hardly name,
Or make their meaning clear;
A sense of movements all around,
Of life unknown to me,
Which had, as yet, no positive sound
To tell what it might be.
But soon there rose before my eyes
What I could dimly see
As one of noble form and size,
And royal dignity;
And voice I heard, in accents clear,
And reassuring tone—
Most pleasing to my listening ear,
That made the mystery known.

"I come O mortal man to thee
A story true to tell,
And dream-like vision have you see
Of what I know so well.
An ancient people you shall view
As in their life once more,
The life of freedom that they knew
In long past days of yore.
So look you well upon their ways—

Of what was known of old,
And as you wondering gaze
Their story shall be told."

I looked, and much that late was there
Had strangely passed away;
The scene I knew, and thought so fair,
No more before me lay.
No city of the dead was there;
No monumental stone;
No sign of all the loving care
That place so long had known.
And yet it was most beauteous still
With sloping undulations green,
Where giant trees o'er all the hill
Made vistas cool and clean.
A spacious lodge beneath the shade,
Gave token of a home
By hands of skilful toilers made
Where peace and love might come.
Towards the east I turned my gaze
More wonders to behold,
Where unfamiliar scenes and ways
Of life forgotten told.
No sign was there of modern pride,
Of homes and temples grand
That people there to-day provide
With such a lavish hand.
But homes there were through groves of wood
Down to the riverside,
And on the eastern shore they stood
In numbers reaching far and wide.
And on the sloping hillsides green—
'Neath grand old monarch trees,
Many a joyous group was seen
Whose ways were ways of ease.
They were the Red Men of the past,
Once so numerous known,

By force superior, wronged at last,
And driven from their own.
And now he who beside me stood
Again the silence broke,
And with expressive dignity
And tones melodious, spoke.

"These were my people whom you see—
Tribe of Mattabesett,
As once I knew them, in life so free,
And nevermore forget.
My people! Proud and healthful race,
Close to nature living,
In nature's God their trust to place
While reverent service giving.
In that "Great Spirit" they believed
Who gave our race this land,
Where it for centuries received
Rich blessings from His hand.
My people! Men so brave and strong,
Women so kind and true,
And maidens sweet and blithe of song
As ever mortals knew.
And I was Sachem of all this race—
Sachem of Mattabesett,
And known as worthy of the place
Till I the white man met.
On this hill, in that lodge you see,
I lived in power and peace,
Where all could freely come to me
To find from wrong surcease.
Five hundred warriors swiftly came
In answer to my call,
When I had need their help to claim
Upon our foes to fall.
When first we saw the white men here
They seemed on peace intent,

We saw no reason them to fear,
Nor thought they evil meant.
We thought that they were Gods who came
With blessings from on high,
And gave them welcome and acclaim,
Nor would them aught deny.
They brought the thunder from the skies,
The lightning could command,
Or so we thought till we grew wise
Their skill to understand.
And, worst of all, a drink they had
They said would make us strong,
Would make our hearts feel warm and glad
And healthful life prolong.
Instead, to passions base it led,
And all true manhood wronged;
The lusts and greed of life it fed
Till troubles round us thronged.
I drank, with all the rest, to gain
The power I thought so sure;
Instead, I suffered shame and pain,
Led on by Paleface lure.
They came—in numbers multiplied,
From some far distant shore,
And wrought their will both far and wide,
By their superior lore.
My people, debauched by rum,
Were in a hopeless way,
And sold their rights for trifling sum,
For beads and baubles gay.
For guns and rum I gave them land,
The very best of all,
For such was ever their demand,
Their most insistent call.
My neighboring chief—brave Montowese,
Soon shared a similar fate;
They met him, too, with words of peace,

And promised favors great.
But once within their greater power
They gratified their greed,
And made him like a slave to cower,
And wretched life to lead.
The land was really theirs, they said,
By their own monarch given,
And we must own our rights were dead
Or far away be driven.
Our tribal laws they heeded not,
Their laws we must obey,
Or else swift punishment we got
In most degrading way.
They burned my council lodge of old—
Whose semblance here you see,
And said we ne'er should council hold,
Or independent be.
And when, at last, in frantic way,
For life and home we fought,
But little chance had we, and they
Still greater havoc wrought.
Our weapons were of scant avail—
Our arrows and our bows,
To all their fire and leaden hail
Successfully oppose.
So we were doomed; we could not save
Our lands, our homes or lives;
We were as helpless as the slave
A cruel master drives.
The evils of those trying days
Are seldom mentioned now
Except to blame the red man's ways
And white men upright show.
For selfish records of your race—
Not always true or just,
Oft cover up, with motive base,
The white man's greed and lust.
O mortal man! can you not see

That Red Men then were wronged?
And would you less rebellious be
If spoilers round you thronged?
I come to-night to bring to you—
Upon familiar ground,
Their story and this scene as true
As ever truth was found.
Your race has prospered on our soil
In spite of all their sins,
And all their marvellous skill and toil
The utmost honor wins.
But sense prophetic seems to say
There is danger in their pride,
And for their grasping, reckless way
They may in time, be tried.
For my people—known so well,—
Tribe of Mattabesett,
All the woes that on them fell
I nevermore forget.
But not for any sin of theirs
So sadly suffered they,
But—as the weak one often fares,
They were the White Man's prey.
But ended is their pain and shame
In a happier hunting ground,
Where all the best of life they claim
In perfectness is found.
Unquestioned rights they have and hold
In nature's gifts so fair;
Plains and forests and hillsides bold,
With life and beauty rare.
The flowing streams to them are free,
The meadows and the flowers,
And songs of birds speed merrily
The ever golden hours."

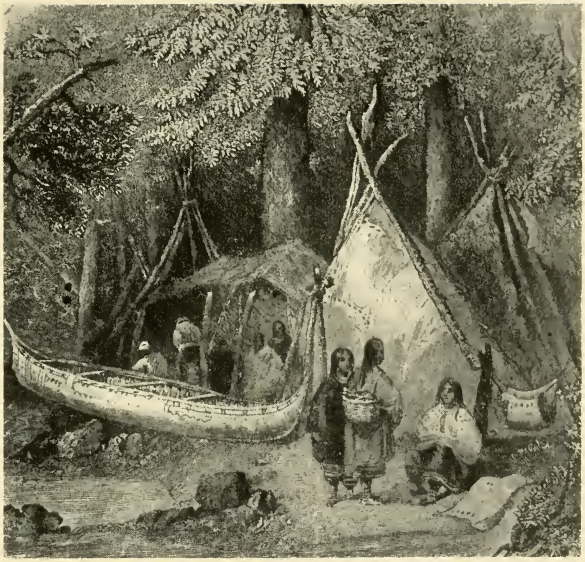
This was the end, I heard no more,
And all was darkness there

When quickening sense came to restore
To usual life and care.
For I had dreamed on Indian Hill,
Strange dream, I must concede,
But wrought with power the soul to thrill
In mingled word and deed.
But dreams we know are sometimes true,
And this I felt was so,—
A faithful and a sad review
Of deeds of long ago.

THE RED MAN'S HOME

It was nothing but a shelter—
A simple one, indeed,
But, as he lived long years ago,
Sufficient for his need.
Beneath the lofty forest trees
That gave a welcome shade,
On Connecticut's beauteous shore,
The Red Man's home was made.
The scenes familiar to us now
Were even fairer then,
In nature's unchanged charms
Of meadow, hill, and glen.
The Red Man's home but blended in
To make a picture fair,
On which one could but love to gaze,
And sense the beauty there.
In all those homes each member had
Some work of life to share,
But free from all oppressive toil,
And all exhausting care.
The winding stream, the lakes and woods,
Held then a bounteous store
For food and raiment, free to all,
As each had need therefor.

Their wants were few, and soon supplied
In many healthy ways,
Without the nerve-consuming strain
Well-known in modern days.
In the sweetness of contentment
The breath of life they drew,
Full satisfied with comforts
That day by day they knew.
The Red Man loved his wigwam home;
To him it was as dear



The Red Man's Home

As mansions grand to pale-faced men,
Whose reign was drawing near.
And to that home he proudly brought
A forest maiden fair,
To be his loving, faithful wife,
And all life's duties share.

Home it was for happy children,
Close to nature living,
In the gleefulness of childhood
Constant pleasure giving.

Through the woodlands freely roving,
With the song-birds singing;
Or from off the verdant meadows
Fragrant flowers bringing;

Sporting in the cooling waters,
Near the wigwam flowing,
Or in the graceful bark canoes
Their skill in paddling showing;

Gathering nuts, or ripening berries,
Autumn leaves enwreathing,
Or the cold north winds of winter
Joyously inbreathing.

Ever happy were those children!
Nothing better knowing,
Satisfied with nature's pleasures,
And strong and healthful growing.

The Red Man loved his forest life,
Loved his wife and children, too,
And held himself in honor bound
For them to strive and do.
He taught them all the Indian lore,

The legends held so true,
And handed down from sire to son,
And kept in fond review.
He taught them, too, to reverence well
The God who reigned above,
The "Great Spirit", maker of the earth,
Whom they should ever love.
He told them of the "Spirit Land",
Where they at death would go,
And in that ever happy land,
Unending pleasures know.
But that was all in long ago,
That simple life and creed,
So fated to be crushed and wronged
By white men's vicious greed.
No more is seen the Red Man's home
By Connecticut's stream,
And all our visions of his life
Are like a midnight dream.
We have grander homes, but tired souls,
Downcast by toil and care,
Or worn with hateful doubts and fears,
All harder still to bear.
And life to-day is not all peace,
But oftener sad unrest;
In golden glow of palace homes
Life seldom is the best.

THE BATTLE-AXE OF SOWHEAG

In the Wesleyan Museum there is a very large stone battle-axe, which was dug up north of Spring Street, Middletown, where numerous skeletons and stone implements and weapons had previously been exhumed. From the large size and exquisite workmanship of this axe it has been suggested that it may have belonged to Sowheag, the noted Sachem of the Mattabesett tribe. This Sachem had his lodge, or council house, on the summit of Indian Hill, a short distance southwest of the locality where the axe was found.

The study of this axe is the inspiration of the following lines:

From things inanimate
One oft may much discern,
And something near the truth
By mere suggestion learn.
This marvelous Indian axe—
Made out of solid stone,
A story of the past
To thoughtful mind makes known.
The fineness of its make—
Beyond all others seen,
An ancient use by one
Of highest rank must mean.
And thought leads swiftly on
Till voice one seems to hear
That speaks of ancient times,
And tells a story clear.
It was the axe itself
That talking seemed to be,
With feelings deeply wrought,
As one could plainly see.

I was made for Sowheag,
Sachem of Mattabesett—
Made from rock the hardest
The weapon-man could get;
Trap by Fire God tempered
Within a lava flow,
Driven to the surface
By igneous force below;
Then by racking earthquake
From out its bedding torn,
Down a mountain canyon
By rushing torrent borne.
There the weapon-maker—
Exploring through the glen,
Espied it, and was prompt
To all its value ken.
Said the weapon-maker,
"This is a royal stone,
And for a battle-axe
No better ever known;
For our Sachem, Sowheag,
I now will surely make
An axe of keenest edge,
And hard, indeed, to break."
He took it quickly then
Unto the riverside,
To the sheltered work-place,
The place that was his pride.
Many an axe and spear,
Many an arrow there,
Implements of every sort,
All wrought with skill and care.
But no glance he gave to those,
Never a thought had he
Save for the axe so rare
Out of this stone to be.

Tirelessly he labored,
And I heard him singing
While my hidden outlines
To the daylight bringing.
These the words he uttered—
Chanting in a monotone,
As he skillful labored
Upon the royal stone.

"Out of the rock there cometh
Beauty and strength.
In the forest there is life,
There the Sachem goeth.
He may come into danger,
Foes may be there,
The axe, spear and arrow
Will protect him.
The people he loves love him,
Would die for him,
Would give him the best they have;
They welcome him;
On the wave and the shore
He is their Sachem.
Within this stone there lieth
Weapon for him,
Battle-axe that he will prize;
I will find it.
I can see it coming forth
From its hiding;
No, none were ever like it.
Axe of Pequot,
Nor axe of Narragansett,
Nor Mohegan,
No, none were ever like it
The Sachem of Mattabesett
Shall have the best."

Thus I heard him chanting—
And striking blows so true,

As from the hardened rock
My form in beauty grew;
Weapon smoothly polished,
With grooving wide and deep,
Where the hickory handle
A hold would firmly keep.
Handle wrought with carvings—
Carvings rich and rare,
Mystic message telling
To him who it would bear.
Proud was I when Sowheag
Gladly welcomed me,
From the weapon-maker
A cherished gift to be.
Proud was I of Sowheag
Until the Paleface came
To wrong him of his birthright
And bring him unto shame.
By their selfish arts and ways
They brought his spirit low;
Dragging down his manhood,
His wisdom to o'erthrow.
Made him grovelling drunkard
That they might have their way,
When he lost all judgment
And could not say them nay.
Then he lost ambition,
And naught could him restore;
Reckless grew in all things
Till I was prized no more.
But when life was ended,
And he at rest was laid,
By custom then revered,
A place for me was made.
In his grave I too was buried
To indicate his fame;
As Sachem of Mattabesett
To show his rightful claim.

And there I long remained,
Nor saw the light of day
Till white men's progress
For my release made way.
From long-forgotten grave
By careless laborers thrown,
A relic hunter saw me
To whom my worth was known.
Then, where now you see me,
He gave me honored place
With full many relics
Of all the Indian race.
And when on these you gaze
Pray do not be deceived,
Nor think the red men savage
As many have believed.
Warm hearts they had to love,
And minds of judgment true,
And what was right or wrong
With keenest sense they knew.
Within the home and tribe
They were to honor bred;
Dealt justice to the living;
Showed reverence to the dead.
They worshipped one Great Spirit,
The Giver of all good,
And faith in life immortal
Full well they understood.
This Mattabesett valley
Was long their happy home,
Where through the grand old forests,
They undisturbed could roam.
The white men brought them sorrow
And wronged them of their right,
And forced them, by invasion,
For life and home to fight.
Condemn not, then, the red men,
For none can ever say

That white men did their part
In quite a righteous way.

Such the tale one seemed to hear,
In sad remembrance told;
Bringing clearly into mind
The changeful times of old.

WABONA

The Ancient Weapon-Maker

Skillful were the weapon-makers
In the ancient age of stone,
Although simple were the methods
By those weapon-makers known.
Skillful, too, they were in forming
Implements of every kind;
In the hardest rock material
They would use and beauty find.

By our loved Connecticut's
Ever gently flowing stream,
Where it slightly eastward flows,
And the hills more lofty seem,
In a granite rock-house shelter,
On that well-known western shore,
Dwelt a famous weapon-maker
In the long-past days of yore.
Of the tribe of Mattabesett
He had won extended fame,
And none other in that region
Wabona's skill could claim.
In his rock-house overlooking—
Far and near, the silvery stream,
There this famous weapon-maker
Kept in mind a cherished dream;
Dream of progress and perfection,
Something better, something new;
And, with cultured eye and hand,
Day by day his interest grew.
Proud were chiefs and warriors mighty
Of the weapons that he wrought,
And evermore with eagerness
Something of his making sought.
Stone of various kinds he used,

All the very best, indeed,
Tough in grain, and rich in color,
All the fittest for his need.
Purest quartz the Indians brought him—
Ever breaking pearly white,
From the ledge at Cockaponset,
Quarried out so clean and bright.
Trap they brought from Pistapaug
That would polish smooth as glass,
And for warrior's battle-axe
None could ever that surpass.
Jasper—red and black and yellow,
In the glacial drift they found,
Often by the water polished
Into pebbles smooth and round.
Out of these he quickly fashioned
Gamestones, truly fine, indeed,
Used in rolling, and in pitching,
With the truest aim and speed.
From Quonnepaug and Totoket
Agates came of every shade,
Out of which the weapon-maker
Dainty little arrows made;
And while he chipped them out, so true,
Children watched each skillful blow,
Eager for the colored flakings
That he oft to them would throw;
Quick they seized each shining fragment,
Just as beautiful to them—
In their varied colors,
As some precious, lustrous gem.
Pretty children of the forest,
Bright-eyed girls and boys were they,
Plump and strong of limb, and supple,
With a jovial, winsome way.
And they loved the weapon-maker,
All he did they would commend;
Talked about him in the wigwams

As their best and truest friend.
And he loved those little children,
Loved to have them near him stay,
Never spoke a cross word to them,
Never made them go away.
Sometimes he would stop to tell them
Stories that they liked to hear,
But never a word he told them
That would give them sense of fear.
But told them legends of their people,—
Proudful tales of ancient days,
How they came to reach this valley,
How they prospered in their ways.
He taught them to be good and brave,
And to every evil shun,
And never speak or do a thing
That would trouble anyone.
He talked about the birds and flowers,
And the various forest trees;
Told them all about the rivers,
How they ran into the seas.
For this patient weapon-maker
Was of true and kindly heart,
Man of good and earnest purpose
Seeking blessings to impart.
Think not those we now call savage
Were devoid of purest thought,
Or the fiber of their being
Only sensuous action sought.
They were called the "Noble Red Men"
In their normal, primal state,
Before the wrongings of the white men
Changed their lives and sealed their fate.
Never nobler thoughts were uttered
In the classic days of old;
Never greater will was shown
Human virtue to uphold.
True they were in love's devotion,

True to wife, and true to child;
Touched by beauty and by grandeur,
As they roamed the forest wild.
And this famous weapon-maker
Had a love within his heart
All his life to mold and temper,
And sweet tenderness impart.
One fair flower of Arawana
Had bloomed for him alone,
But all too soon the chill of death
That beauteous flower had known,
Nor all the warmth of all his love
Could drive that chill away,
Nor the drooping and the fading
Of that cherished life could stay.
Fairest flower of Arawana!
Loveliest one in all the Vale!
How his heart was torn and tortured,
And his courage seemed to fail.
Vainly reached he for the hand
He had held in loving grasp,
Hand that ever to his touch
Gave a quick, responsive clasp.
In vain he turned to meet her eyes—
Eyes that mirrored all her soul,
Beaming full of trust and love
All her being to control;
And very hard it was for him
E'er to think his trial right,
Or to see through all the darkness
Any ray of cheering light.
But his tribal creed assured him
That the soul can never die,
But finds a better life beyond,
A joy perfected to supply.
So when, in fullness of young love,
Two fond souls are torn apart,

And one is left on earth to bear
A saddening loneliness of heart,
And death comes e'er mortal cares
Have checked love's sweet expression,
Or heedless ways or selfish thoughts
Have gained too great possession,
Such souls, unsullied and pure,
May still remain united,
And he of stricken heart not feel
His life entirely blighted.
The free soul may be very near
To its yet imprisoned mate,
That, ever-loving, on earth remains
Sweet reunion to await.
Such a consciousness as this
Came Wabona's heart to cheer,
Came to lift him out of darkness,
And make his path of duty clear;
Made him know the rightful value
Of what life and nature taught,
And to higher trust and purpose
All his thoughts and actions brought.
Was it not his loved Owena
Clinging to his being still?
Could she not be comfort bringing
By her gentle spirit will?
God only knows the truth of this;
Knows what help man here receives
From some unseen spirit near him,
Who his pain and need perceives.
True it was that from his sorrow
He experienced blest surcease,
Learned to prize what life yet gave him,
Lived in honor, lived in peace.
He loved his native hills and dales,
Of the forest proud was he,
Everywhere his footsteps strayed
Something good and fair could see.

With the flowers he saw Owena—
Saw her pure and lovely face,
And the meadow lilies swaying
Brought to mind her form of grace.
Song birds in the trees were singing
Tuneful carols in her praise,
And Owena, sweet Owena!
Was the burden of their lays.
All the fragrant summer zephyrs
Of her kisses made him dream,
And the life-reviving sunshine
Like her loving smile would seem.
For her sake he loved all children—
Souls so innocent and pure,
For her sake would treat them kindly,
And their happiness secure.
So his life was yet a pleasure
In its daily toil and trend,
And he wearied not in waiting,
Looking forward to the end.
Other maidens, there were many,
Maidens graceful, maidens fair,
In the vale of Mattabesett,
Longing for such homage rare.
But he had no thought for other,
To his only love was true,
And that she for him was waiting
In his inmost being knew.
And thus the years went on and on,
Till the end was drawing near,
When the faithful weapon-maker
Would a welcome summons hear.
But he lived to see his people
Subject to a mighty change,
And their ancient ways and customs
Broken up by movements strange;
For there came a pale-faced race
From a far off, foreign shore,

Who had greater power and skill,
And deadlier weapons bore.
The Red Men then were forced to yield
All that they had held so dear;
And Wabona saw his weapons
As discarded things appear.
Lived to find his skill unneeded,
And his highest prestige gone,
And he could but feel the grievance
As awhile he lingered on.
But his happiest thing in life
Was a constant comfort yet,
And the love that he had cherished
He could nevermore forget.
As the world seemed dark around him,
And his heart-beats faltering grew,
Close and closer came Owena
Till his soul her soul could view.
Death was then a perfect rapture,
Bringing Heaven to his sight,
Bringing to him sweet Owena
Beaming with celestial light.
O the joy of such reunion!
Free from every sense of care,
Free from every pain and sorrow
Human hearts are called to bear.
Then with soul to soul more beautiful
Than the mortal body knows,
In the spirit form perfected,
Love its best expression shows;
Ever pure and sweet, and trusting
Through the realms beyond to go,
And together—never wearying,
An immortal bliss to know.

THE MAID OF MATTABESETT

By Connecticut's winding stream—
In the long, long ago,
An Indian maiden dreamed her dream
Of what her life might know.
The present seemed to her all bright,
And much of pleasure gave,
The future promised more delight,
With all that she could crave.
A child of the forest was she,
With heart as pure as gold,
And with a mind the truth to see,
And fast that truth to hold.
She was clad in garments of skin—
Of make and texture rare,
Fit for the form of grace within,
Fitting for her to wear.
She pressed the turf with dainty feet
That crushed each blooming flower
And made it yield a fragrance sweet
As homage to her power.
All forms in nature seemed to sense
Her lovely presence near,
And find therein a joy intense
Without a trace of fear.
The birds more tuneful carols trilled
Whene'er she passed along,
And every gentle zephyr thrilled
With echoes to their song.
No wild-wood life in haste e'er fled
When near their haunts she drew,
Nor felt of her the slightest dread,
But peace and safety knew.
The winding river kissed the shore
Where she had passed along,
And every rippling wave some message bore

Her praises to prolong.
Her mind, in harmony with all
That fair surroundings taught,
Responded quick to nature's call
And happy visions wrought.
On every hill, in every vale,
She echoing voices seemed to hear,
That constant told the cherished tale
To all her people dear.
Traditions of the days of old—
Of deeds of daring done,
That year by year were proudly told
And passed from sire to son.
Tales of the happy hunting ground
Where all at last would go,
Where all they longed for would be found,
With freedom from all woe.
She nothing knew of printed lore
That now so often leads astray
The troubled minds that o'er it pore
Till faith flies far away.
The one Great Spirit of her sires
She reverenced, e'en as they,
And all affections and desires
That Spirit's law she made obey.
Her pride ensavored all her thought,
And e'en her love controlled;
The brave who homage to her brought
Must be a warrior bold.
And he who would that maiden claim
And for her favor sue,
Like her, for Mattabesett's fame,
Must boldly dare and do.
Alas for all that maiden's pride,
For all that she would do,
Her dream, thus reaching far and wide,
Could nevermore come true.

For shadow from a distant shore—
  One hitherto unknown;
On ocean's waves came gliding o'er
  Like some destroying gnome.
It came her happy dream to blight,
  And spread a dire dismay,
To wrong her people of their right
  And drive them far away.
And soon a race of pale-faced men
  Came spreading through their land,
Up every stream, through every glen,
  A stern, relentless band.
The weapons rude her people bore
  Were all of scant avail
Against the arms from foreign shore
  That rained a leaden hail.
And, too, the pale-face brought a fire—
  A liquid, devilish kind,
That deadened every pure desire
  And brutalized the mind.
And this her people learned to drink
  And loved its brief delight,
Nor in their innocence could think
  Its mission was to blight.
Alas! alas! this was the end,
  That dream was all in vain,
And it was useless to contend,
  Or of their fate complain.
Alas for all that maiden's thought,
  And for her people, too,
But not alas for blessings wrought
  That from their ruin grew.
Perhaps she sees that city fair—
  On Mattabesett shore,
And would not change what prospers there
  For what she knew of yore.
Fair forest city by the stream

That ever seaward flows—
Of that her spirit now may dream
If all it is she knows.
For so all work and thought may end
Within the spirit land,
And everything together blend
Sweet reverence to command.
May Mattabesett of to-day
Be ever blest and fair,
Nor darkening shadows bring dismay
To those ensheltered there.
No foes e'er wrong them of their right
By overpowering sway,
Or from their homes, by forceful might,
Disperse them far away.
But it may be that centuries hence
Such hopes as these may fail,
And rights and prayers and innocence
Will prove of no avail.
It is not thus that we believe,
And yet it may be so;
The tangle time must yet unweave
No mortal mind can know.

OWENA

She was a maid of regal grace,
A proudful chieftain's daughter,
With every charm of form and face
That wild wood-life had brought her.

Upon her cheeks was rosy glow
Where zephyrs pure had kissed her,
While coming close their love to show,
As told in gentle whisper.

Her eyes had ever soulful gleam
That drew all others to her,
And made each one most eager seem
Some kindly act to do her.

The world was brighter with her near,
And life seemed worth the living,
And all things beautiful and dear
Were tributes to her giving.

So every leaf, and every flower,
And birds melodious singing,
And sunshine bright, and freshening shower,
Were blessings to her bringing.

And with all this her heart was warm—
With love most earnest thrilling,
The love that has the greatest charm
In law of life fulfilling.

THE DEATH OF OWENA

In the vale of Arawana,
In the land of Mattabesett,
Tears were falling, hearts were grieving,
For a soul the earth was leaving,
Sweetest soul in Arawana
Arawana vale was leaving.

All the forest trees were fading,
Tinted leaves of autumn shedding,
Beauteous colored autumn leaves
That hand of love in garland weaves,
Garland for the dear one going,
To the Spirit Land outgoing.

Fairest maid in Arawana,
In the land of Mattabesett;
Sweet Owena, Wabona's own!
His forever! his alone!
O, the loving, O, the longing
Of Owena and Wabona.

In his hand her hand was resting,
And their hearts together throbbing,
Her heart fainting, his heart breaking,
All their dreams of life forsaking.
O, what sorrow, O, what suffering
In such agony enduring.

She to heavenly rest outgoing,
He to toil and care remaining,
Both unto reunion waiting,
And a holier, happier mating
That for them would surely come,
In love's own eternal home.

IN THE LONG, LONG AGO

It was the same sweet story
In the long, long ago—
The one story so blissful
That fond lovers all know.

It was the same sweet story,
And as tenderly told
To the maids of the forest
By the lovers of old.

Life then was the life simple,
With anxieties few,
When no fashions or follies
Of the present they knew.

No customs extravagant
Ever brought them a care,
And no home most expensive
They expected to share.

Their true home was the woodlands,
And the meadows so green,
Where all nature was charming,
And all life was serene.

They rejoiced in the sunshine;
In the bloom of the flowers;
And no fears for the future
Ever saddened their hours.

It was the same sweet story
In that long, long ago,
With no worries financial
That fond lovers now know.

In the Long, Long Ago

Many were the cherished fables,
Fables having helpful teaching,
Told as only Red Men told them,
In the cool of summer evenings,
Told in winter in the wigwam,
Told by generations many.
He who told them never knowing
Who the wise man was who made them,
Who the truth could thus embody,
So that one would like to hear it,
Young ones, old ones, all together,
Pleasure found in mystic telling.
All the quaintness of such teaching
Made them think of lakes and rivers,
Of the forests and the meadows,
Made them think of all that lived there.
Thus these fables told them, taught them,
Made them see their many failings,
Made them see the truth more clearly.
All the wondrous things in nature
Had some mystical suggestion,
In their language so expressive,
Something high and noble teaching,
Something ever plainly touching
On the greatest mystery of all—
Mystery of living, breathing, thinking;
All the suffering, all the pleasure;
All on earth, in air, or water;
All the wonder of it showing;
And through all the faith revealing
In an overruling Power;
Power creative, and protective;
Telling, too, of Spirits evil,
To all good antagonistic.

Such the lore they loved to cherish,
Wrought in song, and taught in fable;
Made to have an influence helpful,
Influence simple, sane, and constant—
Lore beloved by all the Red Men
E'er the restless White Men found them.

FAIR FOREST CITY

Fair forest city, by the stream
That ever seaward gently flows,
How dear thy charms must always seem
To one who all their beauty knows.

Along each broad, enshaded street
One walks with mingled love and pride,
Where pleasant homes the vision greet
And cheerfulness and thrift abide.

Wherever here one's footsteps stray,
Comes sense of culture and repose,
Of upward and advancing way
In all that art and nature knows.

For fertile vales and crested hills—
The grand perspective there,
A beautifying mission fills
Around this forest city fair.

Nor only this that brings delight,
And wakes exultant thrill of pride,
But halos shine with lustre bright
O'er names renowned both far and wide.

Scholars and heroes, native here,
Whose words and deeds will always live,
Full many lives to guide and cheer
And forceful inspiration give.

So through each broad, enshaded street
One walks with constant love and pride,
Where beauteous scenes the vision greet
And hallowed memories abide.

THE MIGHT BE

Last night I called upon my bachelor friend,
And found him in unusual mood,
And conversation took peculiar trend,
That I, at first, not fully understood.
He said that in some distant year
His descendants might come to grief,
And suffer through misfortune drear,
Entirely hopeless of relief.
A bachelor! talking of descendants!
And in such preposterous way!
I thought that medical attendance
Should come to him without delay.
But he said that he was *talking science,*
Conclusions safe and sound to draw,
And making sensible appliance
Of nature's universal law.
He might be married, and hence a tide
Of *might be's* through his mind had flowed,
To ages distantly descried
On this terrestrial abode.
And he was conscious now of what might be
In a full million years or more,
In the awful topsyturvy
O'er which all men of science pore.
He knew the land was wearing away,
And, in due time, he sadly said,
The acres that he owned to-day
Would be in ocean's muddy bed.
The highest mountains all would disappear;
The sun would cease to give out heat,
And icebergs be the fashion here,
And poor humanity's retreat.
The suffering remnants of the human race
Might be descendants of his line,
Why should he not be sad to face
Such end in nature's great design.

To live upon a floating raft of ice!
Who e'er for such a life could wish,
With nothing comfortable or nice,
And never aught to eat but fish!
And now it dawned upon my laggard mind
My friend's expressions were assumed,
And that the *might-be's* he defined
With hidden humor were illumed.
With a far-reaching geologic creed
He had amused himself awhile,
And dreamed a tragic dream indeed,
Thus told to me in tragic style.

BERKELEY

Home of hallowed memories,
Of prayerful thought and saintly cheer;
Dear home of love and faith sublime,
Where longing souls to God draw near.

The home whose sacred walls recall
The teaching and example rare
Of one who ever here bestowed
Such constant and such fostering care.

Berkeley and Williams! names revered
By all who rightly enter here,
And strive to do the Master's will,
And make the path of duty clear,

That, in the world and of the world,
They may above its follies rise,
And kindly guide their fellow-men
The holier things of life to prize.

For here it is the highest aim
A life of sacrifice to teach,
And heavy burdens help to bear,
And depths of sin and suffering reach.

Dear Saviour! bless forevermore
This home of love and work divine,
That all who enter here may live
A life conformable to Thine;

That going forth to service true
Their highest hope and joy may be
From out the world's alluring ways
To lead some wandering soul to Thee.

LAKEVIEW

In the vale of Mattabesett—
  Southward from Pameacha going,
Lies a charming little lakelet,
  Like a gem of beauty glowing.

Crystal lakelet! sparkling, gleaming,
  Held in nature's close embrace,
Ever sweet and restful seeming,
  Healthful sense of life to grace.

There the golden sunbeams hiding
  Lose their fiercest noon-day glare,
And the zephyrs, there abiding,
  Fragrance from the hillsides bear.

Upon the eastern shore a deep ravine
  Provides an ever cool retreat,
Where overhanging hemlocks green
  In high, uplifting arches meet.

From out the city's stifling air—
  Forth from each crowded, dusty street,
Relieved from toil, and free from care,
  Here young and old rejoicing meet.

O sweet and glad commingling this
  Of human life and nature fair,
That brings a sense of rest and bliss
  For every weary soul to share.

UNION PARK

A most pretty bit of nature,
All weary souls to cheer,
And where one may awhile forget
Life's discipline severe.

And sweet it is to linger there,
And dream a summer dream,
When fragrant flowers are in the bloom,
And all things beauteous seem.

And sweet to see the children
In all their youthful glee,
So satisfied and happy
As only they can be.

And the little ones are precious,
So delicate and pure,
Their bloom of life untarnished
By aught of worldly lure.

Fair children, and fair flowers,
O, naught can fairer be!
For all the worn and weary
A pleasant sight to see.

And well it is to thus provide
Such charming resting grounds—
Where old and young can freely go,
Within the city bounds.

How sweet to pass an hour away
In that fair city of the dead,
And here and there, in fond delay,
With ever-reverent footsteps tread.
While Heaven brings the soul repose,
The worn-out body finds rest here
Where love a tender care bestows,
To show an earthly love sincere;
To show the living ne'er forget
The cherished friends and kindred dear,
Though they on earth no more are met
The toilsome course of life to cheer.
No fairer spot was ever known
In which the mortal form to lay,
Sepulchered with memorial stone
The earthly record to portray.
No worldly rush or anxious strife,
No pain or weariness to fear,
No viciousness or greed of life
Finds place or purpose here.
What thoughts come rushing through the brain,
Thoughts of many buried here,
Of all they knew, or sought to gain,
Their numerous griefs, their pleasures dear.
Each had some special part to bear
In highest rank, or humbler way,
In ease of life, or full of care;
Some greatly wronged, and in dismay,
And many full of healthy cheer,—
The child, the parent or the friend,
In ways that always sweet appear,
Though some in disappointment end.
How many names one stops to read
That bring remembrance of renown,
Of helpful thought, and worthy deed,
Their life of usefulness to crown.

Bishop and priests, so long revered;
Statesmen, and men in science great;
Men to country and to home endeared
Through honoring well their high estate.
Here, too, are those who passed away
With but a span of earthly bliss
That made them crave to longer stay,
E'en in a chanceful world like this.
What ever clinging love was theirs,
What tenderness of look and smile
The youthful face so often wears
When earth seems heaven for a while.
But earthly dreams were ended here;
And here in peace their bodies lie,
With those of friends and kindred dear,
Whose souls with them rejoice on high.
A place more quiet could not be
Than in this city of the dead—
From every rude disturbance free,
Where now the living reverent tread.
So peaceful, too, the outlook fair
On valleys deep, and mountain sides,
That seem the restfulness to share
That on this sacred hill abides.

BRIGHT HOPES OF EARLY DAYS

Youth had to bid them all farewell;
What then was craved could never be;
The choice for life could not be free,
And all the future none could tell.

There was a course that seemed most fair,
A satisfying, pleasant way,
As cloudless as a summer day,
With little show of care.

But fate marked out another way,
And unexpected influence led
In very different paths to tread,
Where many troubles lay.

The hopes of early days were gone,
And life henceforth had much of care,
Yet strength was given to toil and bear,
And bravely struggle on.

Doubtless it was God's righteous plan;
His safer way to make one strong,
And save a soul from unseen wrong,
And make a better man.

IN JUDD HALL

In my office I had lingered
Until the hour was getting late,
New and interesting fossils
Studying with interest great.
For sometime the sound of voices,
As distant, I had seemed to hear,
Sounds that for awhile unheeded,
And indistinct, had reached my ear.
If I thought at all about them,
Just to myself I simply said
It is the Sophs and Freshies
Into another conflict led.
But, all at once, I realized
It was nothing outside Judd Hall,
Nothing of an angry nature,
That thus upon my ear did fall.
It was from the Museum room
That all that sound of talking came,
And in such jibbering, foreign tones,
I ne'er before had heard the same.
One may be sure I listened then
With all my faculties intent,
To learn, if it were possible,
What all that midnight racket meant.
I found the Monkeys and the Bears,
The old Megatherium, too,
All the Birds and Porcupines,
The Platypus and Kangaroo,
The Glyptodon and monster Turtle,
The Camel and the Caribou,
The Goats and Deer and Buffalo,
And all the Alligators too—
In fact the whole menagerie
Was full of life and zeal,
And the greatest kind of interest
In something then they seemed to feel.

E'en the friend of Rhampsinitus—
Who lived four thousand years ago,
Had got outside the mummy case
His interest in that hour to show;
And the fair Egyptian maiden
Had waked from out her lengthened sleep
Within Judd Hall, in this far land,
To this appointment keep.
For these dwellers in the Museum
Had close acquaintance gained
With the worthy college people
Who had eminence attained.
Although they had kept so quiet—
Through all the many years gone by,
They had been quite close observers,
And judgments sound could well apply.
And too, they could not help but learn
The universal college slang
That they—for many years, had heard,
That oft around the buildings rang.
And soon, above their jabbering,
There came an outburst, loud and clear,
"Rah, Rah, Doc Raymond! Doc Raymond!"*
And then full well I surely knew
What this confabulation meant;
They knew their friend was soon to leave them,
And thus they gave their feelings vent;
Thus they broke the laws of nature—
In this strangest, midnight meeting,
Came to life to mourn his leaving,
And gave this hearty college greeting.
And "Rah, Rah, Doc Raymond! Doc Raymond!"
Lots of love for him conveyed,
And gratitude for all the care

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*Harlow Raymond, superintendent of grounds and buildings, Wesleyan University, resigned 1910, after serving almost half a century.

That, e'en to them, he had displayed.
Yes, he was faithful even unto them;
Nothing escaped his watchful eye,
And he had skill and patience
All needed efforts to apply.
And thus—good old Wesleyan janitor,
All your true friends say good bye;
And may you now have rest and peace,
And blessings round your pathway lie.

ARAWANA

We love the names that bring to mind
  The story of an ancient race,
Whose language oftentimes inclined
  To sweet significance and grace.

That race had sense of beauty true
  That touched them in their gentle hours,
And syllables of softness knew
  To picture nature's fairest bowers.

And oft those forest dwellers sought
  The scenes that pleased them to express
In flowing accents—quaintly wrought,
  Distinctive features to impress.

And Arawana—name of old,
  Is full as sweet, and means to-day
Just all that in the past it told
  In perfect and delightful way.

It speaks to us of meadows fair,
  Where gently flows a winding stream
Upon whose banks, relieved from care,
  All life seems like a restful dream.

Along those banks, on summer days,
  In lingering, loving mood we stray,
So much all nature there displays
  In ever varied charming way.

Enmirrored in the waters clear
  The azure of the sky we see,
Where shadows tremulous appear
  Of every overhanging tree.

From off the upland zephyrs bring
The fragrance of sweet-blooming flowers,
And songs of birds that tuneful sing
In all the woodland bowers.

All sounds of summer time we hear;
The simple harmonies well-known,
From source unseen, may be, but clear,
To love of life and sunlight own.

Sweet Arawana! loved of old,
And dearly loved by all today,
Thy name in flowing accents told
Will bring a sense of joy alway.

Arawana

THE HILLS OF DURHAM

The hills of Durham! beautiful hills,
So restful, so peaceful and fair,
The strength and calmness of nature
Embodied in perfectness there.

In the pure glory of sunlight,
In the fierceness and gloom of storm,
Ever skyward uplifting,
Impressive, majestic of form.

The forest-crowned hills of Durham!
Forever and ever so dear
To all who claim heritage there,
And the pride of their home revere.

And whenever they wander afar
Of their own native hills they dream,
And wherever their footsteps roam
None other more dear to them seem.

If robed in summer foliage green,
Or winter mantle, pure and white,
The Durham hills are still the same,
An inspiration and delight.

Even strangers in passing rejoice
In all that appeals to them there,
And willingly linger awhile
Full measure of praise to declare.

The beautiful hills of Durham!
Ensheltering a valley of rest,
Where nature most lavishly gives
To the lover of nature her best.

Ay! beautiful hills and valley,
  Scene ever enchanting and rare,
Forever and ever so dear,
  So restful, so peaceful and fair.

MY HOUSE OF REMEMBRANCE

It is not a dreamland house,
  But something real and true,
And in its structure every year
  Has added something new.
It is a house of many rooms
  Through which I love to stroll,
For many things entreasured there
  Bring comfort to my soul.
One room is a portrait gallery,
  And there I linger long,
For round each well-remembered face
  Full many memories throng;
And all the warmth and glow of life
  Comes back to them once more,
And I see them as I knew them
  In all the days of yore.
Another room has landscapes there
  Of places I have seen,
And few indeed can fully know
  How much to me they mean;
For there I climb to mountain heights,
  And canyons deep explore,
And find my way where human feet
  May not have trod before.
No hand of man hath skill or power
  All nature's wonders to define,
Or aught so marvellous and grand
  E'en faintly to outline;
But everywhere, within this room,
  Where'er my vision falls,
The magic of my memory
  Each matchless scene recalls.
There sculptured walls of massive rock,
  Banded with colors rare,

Unto the work of ages long
A silent witness bear.
So vast, and so far-extending,
Is all that here I see,
I feel that measurements of time
Eternities must be.
Another room I pass not by,
But long I linger there;
It is the little children's room,
So full of interest rare.
The happiest days of all my life
Were those remembered there,
With all the love and innocence
It was my joy to share.
I see a cradle and a crib,
And prattling voices hear;
Or so it seems, as there I think
Of all that life so dear.
For unto me the little ones
So lovingly would cling,
All the freshness of their childhood
Into my life to bring.
O! there's nothing nearer Heaven,
Nothing so pure and sweet,
As in my house of remembrance
The little ones I greet.

THE UNFORGOTTEN

We sometimes have a pleasant dream
  That lingers with us when we wake,
So charming does the picture seem
  That in our sleep the mind doth make.

Something that seems so good and true
  We would its kindly influence keep,
And oftentimes the bliss renew
  So pure, so thrilling and so deep.

We think we gaze on landscapes fair
  With light and color all aglow,
And in communion pure and rare,
  Some sweet companionship we know.

But dreams are dreams, and, day by day,
  We have a weary dole of care
That drives the dreams of night away
  With all the joy they seem to bear.

But blessed truth it is that we—
  In our real life of toil and care,
May often something better see
  That all the tests of time will bear.

And few there are who do not know
  Some precious hours, or pleasant place,
That will not from the memory go,
  Or aught that joy of life efface.

No dream, but something truly grand
  In wakeful thought, or fruitful deed;
Some beauteous sight on sea or land
  The mind on lofty heights to lead.

No matter where the lot is cast,
  Or what dark shadows intervene,
Those inspirations of the past
  Will still be loved, and still be seen.

THE COASTERS

Away, away they go
Over the ice and snow
With movement free and shouts of glee—
What sense of joy they know.

Hurrah! Hurrah! they cheer—
The road ahead to clear,
Then like a flash they onward dash,
And nothing know of fear.

O happy girls and boys
So full of fun and noise!
No trouble great—life's grievous fate,
Their happiness destroys.

In jolliest mood are they—
In joking, bantering way,
As rapid they ride in fullness of pride
To coasting skill display.

How much it all must mean,
This exercise so keen;
It brings good health, the best of wealth,
As in each face is seen.

Then let them have their play—
Though boisterous in its way;
You know we, too, the same would do
If not so old and gray.

AIRSHIP TO BOSTON

At half-past twelve, one summer day,
A message came by wireless way
To Mr. D. that he must be
In Boston by quarter to three.

He could not do it then by train;
That fact was very plain,
The train had left quite long ago,
And what to do he did not know.

He knew how urgent was the case,
And knew that none could take his place;
Much would be gained, or much be lost,
And he should go *at any cost.*

There came, at last, a welcome thought,
And at the chance he quickly caught—
Would not an Airship get him there
That sailed from Aerodome Square?

He found it just ready to go,
And hastened his trouble to show,
And promised the captain double pay
If brought in time to Boston Bay.

The captain smiled, and bowed his head,
And the ship like a meteor sped;
The wind blew north in current strong,
All just right to drive them along.

D. was then in exultant state,
He felt like a conqueror great,
But when half-way, there came a lurch
Just as they passed over a church,

And D's top hat took a flyer,
And landed right on the church spire;
A thing that D. will never forget,
And wonders if it hangs there yet.

And soon there came a sharper gust,
A regular old boreal thrust,
And the ship just shivered and swayed,
And capers fantastic displayed,

And overboard went D's suit-case,
With no regard for landing place,
And in the depths of a lake below
He had to see it splashing go.

The motor chugged, and chugged in vain;
The wind became a hurricane,
And hope and pride—Airship and all,
Dropped right down in a tree-top tall.

Then soon from a neighboring town
Scaling ladders were hastened down,
And with a heart and soul content,
Mr. D. homeward on a *steam car* went.

Most truly glad was he to ride
In way well-known, and safely tried,
And whatever his needs may be,
Don't offer an airship to D.

WHAT NEXT?

Time was when man had natural rights,
And could those rights enjoy;
Could feast his eyes on pleasant sights,
And all his powers employ
As he might choose—in and out,
Along life's useful ways,
If none his probity could doubt,
Or just objections raise.
Could earn his living—as he would,
In any kind of trade,
If he that trade well understood,
And honest profit made.
But now his hands are harshly tied
By syndicates so great;
By what they say he must abide,
Or meet a dreadful fate.
They'll turn their screws upon him tight,
Nor let him make a cent,
And put him in a sorry plight
With merciless intent.
They have no honor, and no shame,
If they can millions gain,
And by their power the laws can frame
To wicked ends attain;
And then the people have to pay
High price for all they need,
That keeps them in a struggling way,
Discouraging, indeed.
Time was when all could safely ride
With their own private team,
And jog along, with joy and pride,
And comfort most supreme;
But now one rides in constant fear,
And ever-watchful care,
To see if all the road is clear,

And naught of danger there.
The "devil wagons" are so thick,
And kick up such a dust,
It really makes one mad, and sick,
And fills one with disgust.
There is no pleasure on the road
For many folks to-day,
For autos them so discommode,
And cause so much dismay;
For clouds of dust, and awful scent,
Assail them as they go,
And danger of an accident,
And fatal overthrow.
Not many now have cash to buy
These mighty road machines,
The cost of which is far too high,
Beyond all moderate means.
But men of wealth go speeding on
In ever gorgeous style,
And their guards and goggles don
With self-complacent smile.
Time was when space above our homes
Was from intrusion free,
But now the airship whirring comes,
A nuisance to be.
No safety now, by day or night,
Can man's possessions share,
For these strange monsters, in their flight,
May smash in anywhere.
No privacy can people know,
Nor from inspection hide,
For, as overhead the airships go,
Man's every act is spied.
He cannot fence these dragons out,
Nor shoot them on the wing:
The law will them protect, no doubt,
Whate'er distress they bring.
And they will help to vilely taint

The air we try to breathe,
Increasing every lung complaint
That makes one cough and sneeze.
If nations clash, and have to fight,
How horrid then the show,
When winged armies soar in sight,
And deadly conflict know.
No wonder that these changes strange
The human race perplex,
They have such unaccustomed range
One may exclaim, "What next?"

A MODERN DINOSAUR

A startling evolution,
  Onrushing through the street;
A mighty, roaring monster,
  And dangerous to meet—
Like something supernatural,
  With fiercely blazing eyes,
And breath of vilest odor
  That all around it lies.
Once it was a joy to travel
  With horse and carriage fine,
To study life and nature
  In every varied line;
But now this roaring monster—
  Speeding everywhere,
Destroys all that pleasure,
  And brings a constant care.
And as for landscape beauty,
  That cannot well be seen
When eyes and lungs are filled with dust
  And poisonous gasoline.
But by law of evolution
  It surely comes to stay,
So science now must tame it,
  And take all fear away.
Now 'tis held by chains of gold
  That poor men cannot buy,
And for the universal good
  The cost is far too high.
The monster has come to stay,
  And should adapted be
Unto the life and service
  Of *all* humanity.

GEOLOGICAL POSSIBILITIES

It is a fact well understood
That Solar heat is failing,
And all attempts to keep it good
Will never be availing.

And when that heat shall wholly fail,
The changes then occurring
Will make humanity bewail
What nature keeps conferring.

For Wallace said earth's upper crust
Will wash into the oceans,
Worn down by rain, and iron rust,
According to his notions.

Flammarion then his mind applied,
These two ideas blending,
And awful climax prophesied,
All life most surely ending:

For he declared the waters deep,
The submerged land concealing,
Not long a liquid form would keep,
But be to ice congealing.

But other prophets seem to know
Humanity is fated
In very different way to go,
In fact will be cremated!

They say, "in twinkling of an eye"
Internal fires outpouring
Will cause the earth through space to fly
In full combustion roaring.

In either case, when comes the end,
By flooding, or by burning,
Man will be helpless to contend,
No sure escape discerning.

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

A Prophecy

This "Fair Forest City"
More beautiful will be
In what the future brings
Of perfectness to see.

In centuries to come
What now is held so dear,
In structure, and in use,
Will not as grand appear.

Time, in its sturdy tread,
Will show creations rare,
Enwrought with greater skill,
With less of toil and care.

The power of greater minds
Will guide experienced hands,
As man's intelligence
Most marvellous expands.

And all will have good homes,
With no o'er-anxious care;
With no o'er-ruling class
To wrongly do and dare.

All legislation then
Will have a righteous aim,
And better laws of life
For every one will frame.

These streets—now beautiful,
Will then more beauteous be,

Fair Forest City

In sweeter cleanliness,
From every evil free.

In homes more tasteful
The people will abide,
And grander public structures
Will thrill all hearts with pride.

Culture and refinement
The highest will be known,
In every act of life
With kind expression shown.

The science of existence
Will then be understood;
And with all wrong avoided
Come longings for the good.

So life will be purer,
More reasonable, and sane,
And more of joy and comfort
And restfulness attain.

All this in time will come
To this fair city here;
A glad millennium
Of happy, healthy cheer.

THE HARVEST OF HANDS AND BRAINS

The world's harvest seems to be ripening—
  The harvest of hands and brains,
And the growth of the ages
  Some sign of maturity gains.

The fields that were wild and barren,
  For lack of knowledge and skill,
Show marvellous development,
  Ambition and need to fill.

One looks with amazement to see
  What thought and effort have won,
What deeds, stupendous and grand,
  The genius of man has done.

He works with a resolute will
  To gain unlimited sway,
And make the elements, even,
  His dictates—far-reaching, obey.

He rules o'er the land and the sea,
  Nor for depth or distance he cares;
And on wings he speeds through the air,
  And signals of victory bears.

And what will the harvest be
  That seems to be ripening fast?
And what will maturity bring
  To better the world at last?

Will all these achievements of man
  Help humanity to live?
Will they lessen all pain and care,
  And comfort and vigor give?

Will poverty banished be?
And royalty give up its throne?
And the greed of hoarders of wealth
On earth no longer be known?

O, the reason of man will broaden
With all that he learns and gains,
And all the world will happier be
In triumphs of hands and brains.

MODERN MAGIC

The world's modern magic
Is not deceitful play
That fools humanity
In tantalizing way;
But something grand and true,
To noble impulse give,
And help all struggling ones
An easier life to live.
For, with a wand-like touch,
Science makes blessings rise,
And out of nature's wealth
Advantage great supplies.
Throughout the waiting world
The miracles are wrought;
By scientific skill
To full perfection brought.
The magic of the past
But little fruitage bore
To ease man's toils and cares
In all the days of yore;
But now how marvellous
Are all the changes made
In all the ways of life,
Through scientific aid.
And this modern magic
Will ever grander grow,
And in the time to come
Will greater wonders show.

DAME NATURE

Dame Nature is growing old;
Her years we cannot tell,
The well-known signs of age
She covers up so well.

She is really beautiful,
But full of mood and whim;
Sometimes is bright and cheery,
And sometimes very grim.

We know she has a temper
That oftentimes outbreaks,
And then a lot of trouble
The changeful lady makes.

Sometimes she fairly storms,
And then she madly weeps,
And every human being
In sad discomfort keeps.

She is changeful, too, in dress,
And every color tries;
In every season of the year
Comes out in different guise.

Today she is beautiful,—
As charming as a bride,
Enrobed in garb of purest white
Her wardrobe can provide.

January 7th, 1907.

THE LONGINGS OF MY SOUL

These are the longings of my soul,
And always to me dear,
To have a friendly grasping hand
Some other soul to cheer.

To speak some word to troubled ones,
Whom bowed with grief I see,
That will most helpful seem to them,
And lasting comfort be.

To write such thoughts as will not die,
But healthy fruitage bear,
And evermore, to those who read,
The highest good declare.

I would not have my life a dream,
But life most real and true,
Each day to do some kindly deed,
And loving course pursue.

Thus I, with hand and voice and pen,
True happiness would gain,
And find, at last, with conscience clear,
I had not lived in vain.

IT IS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED

It is sweet to be remembered
In hours of pain and need,
And know a loving sympathy
Expressed by word and deed.

Oftentimes it gives more courage
The ills of life to bear,
And makes each sad environment
A brighter aspect wear.

It is like a golden sunbeam,
That vivifies and cheers,
When, breaking through the clouds above,
It radiantly appears.

O! the love of friends and kindred
Most precious is, indeed,
When thus it helps and comforts
In hours of pain and need.

The jingle of nursery rhymes
That little ones first hear,
That to their eager minds
So marvellous appear—
Tales that set them wondering
Just how it all could be,
So different, every way,
From what they daily see.
Yet it makes them happy,
Though not a word is true—
What Mother Hubbard did,
And how the Bean Stalk grew.
It does not take them long
To learn such tales are lies,
But they love to hear them,
And all their magic prize.
Again—when more mature,
To lads and lassies grown,
In the charm of fiction
Their interest great is shown.
The lads like wild stories
Of deeds on land and sea,
And things improbable
Will most delightful be.
The maidens novels choose
That tell of love they crave;
Of princes in disguise,
So noble and so brave.
Such tales have magic power
The maiden heart to thrill,
And their receptive brains
With gentle longings fill.
Such longings seldom cease
In each advancing year,
But oft to older ones
Most precious still appear;

And so they often, too,
Delight in magic lore—
The sweetest ever told,
And read it o'er and o'er.
So from the nursery
Up to life's latest hour,
We love the pretty fictions
That have such charming power.

FAIR BRETON BY THE SEA

O land of rest and comfort,
  Fair Breton by the sea,
Thy shores, thy homes and people
  Are ever dear to me.

The land of oats and barley,
  Where bagpipes still are heard,
And Scottish blood as best
  Is sturdily averred.

Where MacNeils, and MacDougalls,
  And other Macs prevail,
All proud their birth and lineage
  From Scotia's clans to hail.

I love that sea-girt country,
  Its hills and valleys fair;
Its bays, and lakes, and rivers;
  Its pure and bracing air.

The home of honest people;
  Strong men, and women fair,
And bonnie lads and lassies,
  As all who know declare.

The land of Gaelic melodies,
  So loved by old and young,
Within the House of Worship,
  And by the fireside sung.

There the day of rest is kept
  As God's most holy day,
A day of sweet devotion,
  And pious faith alway.

It was there that first I heard
Sweet hymns in Gaelic tones,
Of tenderest, touching power
No other language owns.

O land of rest and comfort!
Fair Breton by the sea!
What there I knew and loved
Will ne'er forgotten be.

TO THE HONORABLE NEIL FERGUSON, MARION BRIDGE, CAPE BRETON, CHRISTMAS, 1906

I give you Christmas greeting,
My faithful Gaelic friend;
Over land and ocean
These loving thoughts I send.
Full oft of you I'm dreaming,
And longing you to see,
As hearty and as happy
As you were wont to be.
For you were always cheery
And kind to every one,
And in a vein most pleasing
Your thoughts were apt to run.
You truly were a blessing
To me in all those days
That might have been depressing
Without your genial ways.
As wanderer from my home
I know I could not stray
To more delightful shelter,
Or more contented stay.
Your generous-hearted wife,
And bonnie Katie, too—
They always for my comfort
Some kindly thing would do.
I have a scene within my sight
That never fades away,
Engraven on my screen of life,
Forevermore to stay.
It is Mira's verdant shore,
And bridge that spans the stream,
And the house that e'er to me
Will dear and home-like seem.
And through one open window

I look within to see
The pretty, cosy room
That always mine will be.
And now, upon this Christmas eve,
I claim my precious right
To wander through the house once more
With old-time dear delight.
I live the old time o'er again,
And well-known voices hear,
That always had a hearty ring,
And brought a sense of cheer.
I nevermore can make return
For all you did for me;
In weariness, and sickness, too,
No one could kinder be.
No wonder that I ne'er forget
The joys that then I knew,
Or that I often love to think
Of you, my friends so true.

BRAS D'OR LAKE

O, golden arm! that clasps the land,
And makes it radiantly to smile,
And into loveliness expand
All life from sadness to beguile.
For there all fainting, weary hearts
Take on new strength and pleasure find
In what that loveliness imparts
To thrill the soul with joy refined.
O, golden arm! Cape Breton's pride,
'Tis there I long again to go,
Where restfulness and peace abide,
And one may sweet contentment know.
And there, in thought, my course I take
Along the many winding ways,
That 'mid green islands passage make
Where every turn new charm displays.
And leisurely I float along
Above the mirror of the deep,
Where wooded shores, reflected strong,
A panoramic movement keep.
And, as thus dreamily I go,
I breathe a balsam-scented air
From off the pines and spruce that grow
On every sloping hillside there.
Along the verdant shores so near,
Some signs of life at times I see,
Where thrifty farmer homes appear
That always cheerful seem to be.
I see the laborers working there
In all their varied, healthy toil,
To make their well-kept fields to bear
The richest harvests of the soil.
And on a beach of yellow sand—
To make the scene more truly fair,
An unrestrained, delighted band
Of boys and girls are playing there.

The fullest joy of life they know;
And as I pass upon my way
They wave their hands and welcome show
In manner frolicsome and gay;
And I their salutation meet
With equal zest and heart aglow,
With love for life, so dear and sweet,
That all such happy children know.
And now I pass an island fair,
A pretty, wave-encircled gem
Of emerald green, reposing there,
In nature's matchless diadem.
And soon upon the spreading lake
I seem my way to make once more,
And equal satisfaction take
As in remembered days of yore.

O, golden arm! O, dear Bras d'Or!
No worry of the world is there;
Upon thy wave, upon thy shore,
All lose awhile the sense of care,
For there the weary find sweet rest,
Where God in nature truly dwells,
And life in everything is blest,
And everything God's goodness tells.
And there, in thought, I love to go,
In thought my happiness restore,
In all it was my joy to know
On Bras d' Or Lake and Bras d' Or shore.

MIDNIGHT ROAMINGS

I often travel by night;
To an unknown land I go,
And, in unwearying delight,
The charms of that country know.

My poor, tired body I leave,
A most needful rest to take,
With naught to trouble, or grieve,
Till morning dawn shall break.

And—in Astral form, I speed,
But I cannot tell one where,
For strange are the scenes, indeed,
And the forms and faces there.

'Tis not like this world to me,
With the friends so dear I know,
Yet seems familiar to be
Wherever my footsteps go.

Like some long-forgotten place
Unto which I might return,
And something unusual trace
To help me the truth discern.

I talk with the people there,
But I know them not by name,
Though they greet me with great care,
And seem acquaintance to claim.

I really am glad to be there,
For there I seem to belong,
And pure are the joys I share,
And naught is cruel, or wrong.

There are those who love me well;
I know by their glances sweet,
A welcome truly to tell,
Whenever such ones I meet.

O, what does it really mean,
And why do I travel there,
To that place so often seen,
In the Astral guise I wear?

Are there links that bind the soul
To worlds that differ from this—
Something we cannot control,
That gives us such hours of bliss?

THE SECRET OF THE SOUL

Imprisoned in each human form
There is separate consciousness
That man has learned to call the soul;
It is not flesh, or blood, or bones,
It has not nerves, or sense of touch;
One cannot say that it is mind,
For that one has the power to train
To serve each bodily desire,
To guide the hand to carve and build,
And out of roughness beauty bring;
But when the heart and hand and nerve,
And mental longing, and desire,
Have shown their highest, greatest power,
The soul is never satisfied;
It has capacity for more
Than all that mortal nature gives;
In its essence it has the germs
That cannot come to fullest life
In what the body knows or feels,
Or from environment can gain.
The soul has kinsmanship—pure and sweet,
With what is now invisible,
And longs to tread the great highway
No mortal foot has ever trod.

Man eats and thinks, and sleeps and dreams,
Has much of love, and much of pain,
And all this is what he calls life;
But the soul outlives all this,
And comes in touch with mysteries
That then no longer mysteries will be.

The holy secret of the soul
Is sense of something more divine
Than all the usual course of life;
It is inborn in every babe,

And shows a little while unmarred
In action—sweet and innocent,
Until the troubles of the flesh,
Or snares and turmoils of the world
Encloud its thrilling radiance.
It is perceived in mother love—
So limitless, and strong, and pure,
When—free from blight of worldly pride,
The mother seeks, in aim supreme,
Eternal safety for her child.

The soul is the image of the God
That gave to man that mystic part
That will outlive all else beside,
And evermore will grow and gain,
From every bond of hindrance free,
To fullest melody of life.

The make and beauty of the form
That in immortal life the soul will take
Will far transcend all mortal guise,
Or the glory of artistic dreams.
That which is now so unrevealed
Will come into the fullest grace
In the light of Eternity.
The secret of the soul will be
The expression of sweeter love,
And sweeter sympathy of thought
Than all this life has ever known.
The higher impulses that come
At times to guide to action here,
Are holy longings of the soul
Struggling to make the mortal know
The value of the immortal.

Good-by, my dear old friend, good-by!
The time has come for us to part,
And thou hast left me lingering here
With sense of sadness in my heart.

I wonder art thou conscious now
Of all the intercourse we knew,
And if the peace we longed for then
To thy free soul proves real and true.

But I can only say good-by,
And bide my time, and patient wait,
Till light eternal on my soul
Shall end all questioning and debate.

That light hath thrilled thee with surprise,
Whate'er the joy and glory there,
For no man knoweth all the bliss
That souls released forever share.

Good-by, my dear old friend, good-by!
But not forever can it be,
For kindred souls will meet again
Rejoicing in eternity.

EDGERTON

Dead! dead! you do not mean that he is dead,
And of late I met him, so well, so strong;
Hurrying to the bedside of some patient,
He gave me greeting as he passed along;
Such greeting as he gave to every one,
So hearty, and with such endearing smile,
And with a few quick, helpful, cheery words
That made the world seem brighter for awhile.
It seems cruel when men like him must die
And bring such pain to many sorrowing hearts,
With all the deep, desponding loneliness
That such bereavement evermore imparts.
Not only in the home he loved so well
Will the shadow of this great sorrow rest,
But far and near, wherever he was known
As kindly ministrant, or as welcome guest.
The sick will turn their faces to the wall,
And on their pillows shed most bitter tears
When he—for whom they waited eagerly,
No more beside their couch of pain appears.
They say that he is dead, but 'tis not true,
For he has only left earth's care and strife,
And as a purified, ennobled soul
He now rejoices in eternal life.

TO MY FRIEND R. L. DE ZENG

Christmas, 1908

We have wintered and summered together
For many and many a year,
In life's sunshine, and in its rough weather,
Ever striving each other to cheer.
We have climbed the steep hills of endeavor
In comradeship faithful and true,
With heart to heart responsive forever,
While aiming our duty to do.
It is joy in this world to be living,
Such comfort and blessing to share,
And feel that there's *one* who is giving
Such measure of friendship so fair.
It is sweet—as life draws near its ending,
To think of the hours of the past,
When we wit and wisdom were spending
On subjects far-reaching and vast.
And now, dear friend, we soon will be knowing
What we ever have longed to know,
When the Light of Eternity glowing
The truth in its clearness will show.

IN MEMORY OF E. WOODRUFF

Good-by to thee, my dear old friend,
So like an elder brother;
So fond were we to thy life's end;
So happy in each other.

Through all the long, eventful past
Our friendship proved most cheering;
No matter how our lot was cast,
More precious still appearing.

Now thou art gone I think of thee,
And oftentimes am dreaming
Of all that thou hast been to me,
Thy kindly ways esteeming.

And thou wast ever full of care,
Thy life for others spending;
Thy strength and love with all to share,
While helping hand extending.

And now thy soul must surely gain
Reward for such endeavor,
And freedom from all toil and pain
Be thine, dear friend, forever.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY FRIEND

A gentle soul from Heaven came
  On earth awhile to live
That she might here, with pious aim,
  Unselfish service give.

And day by day, with steadfast care,
  She works of mercy wrought,
And peace and comfort, sweet and rare,
  To many souls she brought.

No wonder that all loved her so,
  And praised her saintly ways,
And in the fear that she must go
  Prayed God to lengthen out her days.

Why could she not much longer stay
  To help in hours of need,
And cheer sad souls upon their way
  By strengthening word and deed?

But so it evermore will be—
  A bitter truth to know,
Though none can ever clearly see
  Why thus such dear ones go.

And tears must fall, and hearts will ache,
  When death so pitiless comes,
Harsh havoc of fair hopes to make,
  And darken happy homes.

The disappointments of to-day—
  Though grievous to the heart,
May oft a future bliss convey,
  And lasting good impart.

We may not always thus contend;
  Sweet peace may come at length;
Life's sorrows and its trials end
  In purity and strength.

The wayside thorns that wound and vex,
  May be our greatest need,
And though they trouble and perplex
  At last may Heavenward lead.

For God's ways have a wondrous range
  In bringing forth the good;
Although His discipline seems strange,
  Nor oft is understood.

WESLEYAN

When reminiscent thought
  The strenuous past recalls,
The mind will often turn
  To Wesleyan's classic halls.
The silent touch of time
  A kindly power displays,
And tints with golden hues
  The good old college days.

The ever dread "exams,"
  The oft recurring "grinds,"
The prodding of the Profs,
  To speed the lagging minds,—
E'en these their harshness lose
  Compared with later ills,
The common lot of all
  As life its course fulfils.

That time of fellowship
  With strong and kindred minds
In all life's aftertime
  A rich fruition finds.
So sons and daughters all
  Forevermore will praise
Their Alma Mater dear
  And good old college days.

Wesleyan

MUSIC

Whene'er depressed by heavy toil,
  Enwearied by the cares of day,
When troubles round the heart may coil,
  And will not pass away,
If well-known melody be heard
  In tuneful accents, light and gay,
Then cheering thoughts by music stirred
  Will drive all gloom away.

When shadows rest upon the brow,
  Or heart may ache that throbs with love,
Music may oft sweet change bestow
  And lead the thoughts above.
If then some gentle voice be heard
  In tuneful accents, soft and low,
A sense of bliss—so sweetly stirred,
  Within that heart may glow.

And wandering one, whose soul is dear,
  May oft be won by power of song,
Whene'er temptation comes too near
  That trusting one to wrong.
If then some gentle voice be heard
  In pleading accents, pure and clear,
Ennobling thoughts, by music stirred,
  May save that wanderer dear.

It is a gift which God bestows;
  A blessed joy to mortals given,
To lighten all our pains and woes,
  And bring us nearer Heaven.
So when sweet melody is heard
  In tuneful measures, soft and low,
A better life, by music stirred,
  Within the heart will glow.

AT THE THEATRE

I sometimes to the theatre go
To seek a restful pleasure,
To hear the music's rhythmic flow
In sweet melodious measure,
To see the actors in some play
All sorts of life expressing,
And pass an hour or two away
My soul in peace possessing.

I pay my money for a seat—
My money's worth expecting,
But one thing often spoils my treat
In way that is dejecting.
For there are sometimes others near—
All social rules defying,
And if they sit right next in rear
Their manners are most trying.

With knees and toes they punch my back
As if I had no feeling,
While ceaseless stream of foolish clack
From off their tongues keeps reeling.
In voices loud their wit outflows,
My sense of pleasure marring,
And yet they think a smartness shows
In all their silly sparring.

If I but had hypnotic power
I would put them soundly sleeping,
And keep them thus, at least an hour,
A blissful silence keeping.
For that is what *such* well deserve—
To have *suppressive* treating,
But I can only on them serve
This brief, poetic beating.

BY MOONLIGHT

Cupid often hunts by moonlight
  His perfect skill to show
In sending all his arrows right,
  Through youthful hearts to go.

So there is danger in the moonlight
  For lads and lassies fair,
And of the evening glamour bright
  They really should beware.

For oft behind some sheltering tree
  Hides Cupid with his bow,
Some careless victims thence to see
  Who in the moonlight go.

And when his arrows hit the heart
  All life seems perfect bliss,
For love has most deceptive art,
  And often guides amiss.

And that fellow in the moon, too,
  Then sends his brightest gleam,
To make all things look sweet and true,
  When thus young lovers dream.

YES OR NO

Yes or no, O, which shall it be?
Which is wrong, which is right,
What the duty for you and me
In this struggle for might?

The answer is perfectly plain,
If given in truthful way,
And blessings one seeks to attain
For souls that go astray—

If one would help all those in grief
Through no fault of their own,
With only one way for relief
To humanity known.

What do the wives and children say,
In their shame, and their pain
That tortures by night and by day,
When their pleadings are vain;

When the father and husband is caught
In the tempter's vile snares,
And homeward, besotted, is brought,
And name of drunkard bears?

Do they want the saloons to thrive,
And temptation display,
And in legal methods contrive
To lead loved ones astray?

Do mothers want the open door
As seen upon the street,
With the allurements they abhor,
And fear their sons will meet?

Surely one answer true
Can thoughtful people make;

Only one hopeful course pursue,
And rightful stand can take;

Let every manly man say NO!
And—in a lawful way,
Deal the demon of drink a blow,
And break its power for aye.

For it is Satan's surest way
To ruin human souls,
And by such means his power display
In all that he controls.

In every land, in every zone,
That awful power is great
Through those who all his influence own,
And on his will await.

On human greed, and lust for gold,
He evermore relies,
By subtle reasoning gains his hold,
Yet keeps in close disguise.

He makes too many claim the need
Of money license brings,
And this, in urgent strain, indeed,
At each opponent flings.

Such license men ne'er count the cost
Of all the sin and pain,
Nor all the time and money lost,
That liquor dealers gain.

O, would all men could clearly see
How much each one could do
The world from this great curse to free,
And peace and love renew.

HENRY CLAY WORK

Author of "Marching Through Georgia," "Grandfather's Clock," and very many other world-famous compositions, both words and melodies.

He was born in Middletown, Conn., October 1st, 1832.

Dear bard of the war-time!
We give thee acclaim,
With fervent emotion
We honor thy name.

For thine was the mission
To thy soul so dear,
The worn and the weary
To comfort and cheer.

And all the world over
Thy melodies ring,
And the noblest of thought
Unfailing they bring.

Brave soldiers while marching
Those melodies hear,
And the perils of war
Less trying appear.

Once slaves in their cabins
With jubilant glee
Heard thy words prophetic,
So precious to be.

Their freedom soon coming
Thy verses made known,
When their souls and bodies
They really would own.

In the hour of triumph
How grand was the strain
Thy spirit exultant
Had power to attain.

Dear bard of the war-time!
God-given to be
The pride of a nation
All prosperous and free!

Our bard and our poet
Merits heartiest praise,
And tribute the fittest
We surely should raise.

In home of his boyhood,
'Mid scenes to him dear,
Let the light of his life
Most brilliant appear.

THE LOST BABY

We have lost the baby
That rested in our arms;
The darling little one
So full of baby charms;
That little form of life
We nursed with tender care,
And watched with loving eyes
The soul unfolding there.

The angel of all life
To her much blessing brought,
With healthful growth, and strength,
And gladdening promise fraught;
And we lost the baby
That rested in our arms,
For she grew to girlhood,
With all of *girlhood's* charms.
And roguish one is she—
So frolicsome and gay,
And all our joy in life
Reneweth day by day.

LINES TO H. A. E.

May life a pleasure prove to thee,
  Nor e'er oppress thee with much care;
May all thy joys most perfect be,
  And pure and sweet fruition bear.

May constant love, and friendship true,
  For thee the fairest garlands twine,
And joys of youth in age renew,
  And health and happiness be thine.

And, too, I wish—far more than this,
  When all thy days on earth are o'er,
That thou mayst find, in heavenly bliss,
  Still greater joy forevermore.

'Tis sweet to think that I may share
  All that this life to thee may give,
And all its burdens help thee bear,
  And life of love with thee may live.

I feel that love will constant prove,
  As all our years and cares increase,
And hand in hand that we shall move
  Along love's pleasant paths of peace.

Trials will come we surely know,
  Sad hours of grief, sad hours of pain,
But may our love still purer grow
  And holier influence gain.

TO THE SAME

Fifty Years After

Well, my dear, what shall I say
About that poem sweet,
That most devoted, lover lay,
With feeling so replete?

The lines I wrote so long ago,
When still our love was new,
And we each other pledged, you know,
To keep it fond and true?

I came across those lines to-day,
And read them o'er and o'er,
And so retraced life's devious way
Back to those days of yore.

And then—in thought, I followed on
In earnest, calm review,
Of what had come, and what had gone,
What really had come true.

The trials came, and much of pain;
Sad times of deepest grief,
When all our longings seemed in vain,
Despairing of relief.

But in our love we ever found
A comfort true and sure,
That all our life with blessing crowned
And helped us to endure.

We have had our share of pleasure,
As well as dole of care;
Sweet memories that we treasure,
That bring us fruitage fair.

And in life's weakening and decline
Our love still helps and cheers,
Still has a quickening power divine,
Still beautiful appears.

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

It is our Golden Wedding day,
The day once thought so far away,
But now the time seems short indeed,
And brief the story that we read.

How fast the years have come and gone!
Faster and faster, hurrying on;
Each marked in some eventful way
To which our thoughts now often stray.

Commingled joy and pain and care,
Have been our lot in life to share,
But through it all our hearts retain
A blissful sense of mutual gain.

As all the past we now review,
And think of what we then passed through,
We trace therein a wise design,
And guidance of a Power benign.

Often what caused us sad unrest
We know was really for the best,
And many dark days that we knew,
Hope, steadfast, brought us safely through.

Our constant love sweet wonders wrought,
And lessons of faith and patience taught,
Till out of the darkness some "kindly light"
Guided our weary souls aright.

It is, indeed, a golden day
When we can all our mercies weigh,
And all at highest value rate,
And find the sum of them so great;—

Riches for body and for mind,
Treasures of love so large to find,
And many friends, so good and true,
To whom our gratitude is due.

We have not lived or loved in vain,
But find in age much precious gain,
And sweet the fruits of all our care,
And large our harvest is and fair.

Proud are we of our offspring dear;
Life from our life forever near;
Life of our life, so pure and sweet,
Loyal and true our love to meet.

Close to our hearts they fondly live,
Greatest of joy and comfort give,
Children and grandchildren so fair,
And worthy of our tenderest care.

O may the God who marked our way,
And brought us to this golden day,
Save our dear ones from all distress,
And their lives, too, forever bless.

Our mortal life is nearly o'er;
We waiting stand upon the shore;—
Waiting with hand in hand enclasped
In love's still sweet and gentle grasp.
And hope and faith, still strong and sure,
Will help us to the end endure;
Help us the pains of age to bear,
And for a better life prepare—
The life to be one golden day,
That nevermore will pass away.

THE WEDDING GIFT

To Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Camp, April 14, 1880

We are nine friends, most hearty and true,
Who bring this wedding gift to you,
And with our "better halves" we swell the score,
And let them count as many more—
A more than "double octave" in the scale
Whose love-born strain shall never fail.

Our warm heart-beats keep perfect time
To friendship's sweetest, holiest chime,
And thoughts as sweet, in wishes rare,
This loving gift of ours shall bear,
To make, in life's harmonious thrill,
This hour of joy more joyous still.

We pray that every passing year
May bring rich store of healthful cheer,
And round this *table* may you find
Enjoyment true of heart and mind,
And often in your thoughts entwine
A pleasant memory of the *double nine.*

GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL A. BARKER

Guilford, Conn., December 25th, 1873

With cheerful welcomes, and with dear delight,
We gather on this happy Christmas night;
To the shelter of our ancestral home,
From far and near, with eager hearts we come;
And in all the past we have never known
Our "Christmas bells" to chime in sweeter tone.

To-night, as gaily speed the golden hours,
A rare and joyous privilege is ours;
We come with gifts and greetings to the aged pair,
Whom God hath pleased these many years to spare,
With them to dream "life's fitful dream" anew,
And hold the misty past in fond review.

Full fifty years have swiftly passed away
Since "Christmas bells" first chimed upon their wedding day;
Full fifty years of mingled bliss and care,
Of joys and sorrows, they have loved to share;
And still, with feelings warm, and hearts as true,
They linger with us, and their nuptial vows renew.

With earnest thankfulness they celebrate
Their golden wedding, and their hearts, elate,
Are filled with tenderness and love; and thought
With strong and overflowing feeling fraught,
Brings to them both a deep, abiding bliss,
To think their life hath consummation such as this.

And here we, too, are gathered, one and all,
With hearts responsive to affection's call,

And round these honor'd ones delighted throng,
And all the pleasures of this hour prolong
In glad congratulations, and in prayers
That longer life and fuller joys be theirs.

They keep with us their harvest home to-night,
And all these loving ones, these faces bright,
So full of tenderness, and reverence, too,
As ripened fruit of all their toil they view,
While all the changes of the past do seem
Like strange unfoldings of some 'wildering dream.

The waves still dash upon this rock-bound shore,
The same as in long ages gone before,
And in their constant, ceaseless ebb and flow,
Unwearyingly the waters come and go;
Through light and darkness, and through wind and
storm,
Unwearyingly the Almighty will perform.

And so in daily tasks, life ebbs and flows,
And many a fierce and tossing tempest knows,
Has hours of sunshine, and of darkest night,
Of saddening thought, and battles for the right,
But still, through all, through every strife and storm,
May have a rightful purpose to perform.

And the aged ones we have come to cheer,
Have had their share of mingled hope and fear,
Have lived a lengthened life of toil and care,
And many pains and griefs have had to bear;
But over all, God's sunlight still hath shone,
And hours of richest blessing they have known.

And this the happiest we will strive to make,
While sweetest thoughts and memories awake;

With ringing song, and mirth, and words of cheer,
We all will rouse the olden echoes here,
And the old home shall be gay once more
With merry life, as in the days of yore.

Children and grandchildren, a jovial band,
We all around *our bride and bridegroom* stand,
With those who may not claim a kindred tie,
Yet sympathizing thoughts cannot deny,
And all rejoice that thus we share
The "Golden Wedding" of this favored pair.

THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE

Kind words along life's way
  And pleasant smiles for all
Great happiness convey
  Where'er one's footsteps fall.

Something that quickly tells
  Of brotherhood so true,
And saddening thought expels,
  And hope and love renew.

A hand outstretched to give
  A greeting frank and warm,
And make one glad to live
  Life's duties to perform.

No cloud so dark will seem
  With sunshine breaking through,
But with bright tints will gleam
  Against the azure blue.

And souls downcast will feel
  The sunshine of a mind
That seeks to help and heal,
  And good in all to find.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLIE

He has gone to his peaceful rest;
His pains and his sorrows are o'er;
And the crown of the faithful he wears
On the beautiful "Shining Shore."

We know he is happy there;
We have the assurance most dear,
That his soul in passing away,
Had nothing to doubt or to fear.

"I'm not afraid to die, mother,"
He said when near his last hour,
And the words were sweet to loving ears,
And full of soothing power.

"I'm not afraid to die, mother,
For I can see dear Jesus now,"
And though his pangs were grievous then,
The light of Heaven was on his brow.

"I'm not afraid to die, mother,"
And his look was full of love once more,
"I put my trust in Jesus, mother,
And all my pains will soon be o'er."

Thus this hopeful, patient child,
Triumphant in his faith and love,
Through the dark valley joyfully passed
To meet his dear Saviour above.

ALBUM LINES

To Miss Mary Jackson

You ask me to place my name
  Among those written here,
Whose friendship you may claim
  And hold forever dear.

And when these words you read—
  As years shall pass away,
May they to you, indeed,
  My friendliness convey.

I wish for you all blessings rare,
  Of joyous happy life;
Freedom from sorrow and from care,
  Freedom from worldly strife.

If sorrows come to wound your heart,
  And make it thrill with pain,
May God to you the grace impart
  Your trials to sustain.

And, best of all, I pray that you—
  When earthly life is o'er,
May gain that life most bright and true,
  The glad Forevermore.

DEAR BABY BOY

Infant Son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hickok

He was our all; our darling boy,
Bringing to us each day
Some precious thought of love and joy
To cheer us on our way.

Dear baby boy! we little thought
So brief would be our bliss,
Nor that the hopes, so sweetly wrought,
Would end in pain like this.

But that short dream of life is o'er,
So winsome and so fair;
Its dear delight is ours no more—
No more, on earth, its joys we share.

But it is right, for God knows best,
We question not His ways.
Strong on His love our faith shall rest,
And still his goodness praise.

Safe in His arms we leave our boy,
Our own, our darling child,
Safe and sure of Heavenly joys,
Forever undefiled.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE CLIONIAN SOCIETY

Guilford, Connecticut, August 30, 1905

Like weary travellers, resting on their way,
On heights of time we stand to-day;
And as this vantage ground we gain
We backward look o'er hill and plain,
And on one point we fix our eyes—
One starting point, that distant lies,
And there we long and fondly gaze,
And dream sweet dreams of other days.
Visions we have of those whom then we knew,
Clionian brothers, good and true—
We see them all, and with them stand,
A proud, ambitious, manly band.
The blood of youth was in our veins,
In throbbing heart and active brains,
Inspiring all to thought and deed
That life and duty seemed to need.
Ours was no transient, sportive play,
That helped to pass the time away,
But goodly discipline refined,
That strengthened and improved the mind;
And none can ever fully know
How much to that Clionians owe,
How much that study and debate
Decided future life and fate.
By simple means God makes great men
With power for good, by voice or pen,
And seeming chance gives birth to thought
Through which great triumphs may be wrought.
And so our famed Clionian band
Some lasting credit may command
In having then the power to find
The latent talent of some timid mind.
For some there were who silent meant to be,

Who came to listen, and to see,
But found themselves to action stirred
By all the eloquence they heard.
How quickly then surprises came,
As one by one they rose to fame,
And made that ancient hall resound
When courage then to speak they found.
Some gray-haired brother here may now recall
His first attempt in that old hall,
And how his knees were weak through fear
As his appointed time for speech drew near.
Perhaps some pretty maiden's eyes
Helped him above that fear to rise,
And her sweet smile, reserved for him alone,
Gave courage otherwise unknown.
Those pretty maidens! Where are they?
Well, some of them are here to-day.
They do not look the same, but then
They look much better than the men.
This, my brothers, you know is true,
And fits myself as well as you.
Our added years all doubts dispel
In leaving marks we know too well.
For we are bald or gray, and rheumatic
Along the nerve we call sciatic,
And what confusion it creates
Not to remember names and dates.
But the ladies! God bless each soul,
They keep age troubles greatly in control,
They keep all right in thought and speech,
And just as near our hearts they reach,
And are as lovable we know
As once we knew them fifty years ago.
But let me give a warning word
To you, by whom it should be heard.
If, by some chance upon the street,
You recognize to-day some lass you meet,
Do not in greeting hasty be,

She may not be the one you think you see;
Her grandmama—fifty years ago,
Was the lass you used to know.
But who can blame us if we make
In this reunion such mistake?
For though such old and crippled men
We feel to-day that we are young again.
And oh! how sweet it is to live them o'er—
Those well-remembered hours of yore.
We see again that old town hall,
Its semi-darkness well recall,
Through scanty light of kerosene
Not all its roughness then was seen;
We see those seats with backs so straight
They almost brought a martyr's fate,
And yet well filled they seem again to be
With all the friends we used to see.

We are living again an old time night,
Struggling again in oratoric fight;
Words eloquent and gestures grand
Most strict attention now demand;
And often a resolute cheer
From the high-backed seats we hear.
Russell sits in the president's chair—
Fulfilling his duties with care,
With dignified look on his face,
Presiding, as usual, with grace.
Young Murray now, in eloquent strain,
Is striving a victory to gain,
But now we see our brother Leete
Come fearlessly forward the giant to meet.
I need not say more, for you can all
That interest and pleasure recall.

The goddess Clio watchful for
The richness of historic lore
Must look with favor on the fame

Clionian history may claim,
For all the names recorded there
May something of laudation share,
And some a wide-spread fame have gained,
And worldly prominence attained,
And for all such we gladly raise
A proud ascription in their praise.
But prouder still are we to know
Of all the steady, onward flow
Of honest purpose, and progressive way,
Those in more humble life display.
For in life's far-extending round,
And free from every blatant sound
To herald what they do or say,
Such men, more constant, hold their way,
And strive in consciousness of right,
To do God's will with all their might.
Such men make happy home and heart,
And healthful tone to life impart.
However humble be their lot,
Whate'er their toil, they murmur not,
But do their best in church and state
And for results in patience wait.
Such are the men we meet to-day,
Such were those who have passed away,
And thought of the dead in all our hearts
A thrilling tenderness imparts.
We have for them remembrance sweet,
Their forms again we seem to greet,
Their manliness, their power of thought,
So clearly to our minds is brought.

My brothers, we, too, are drawing near
Life's ever mystic change,
When these long-fettered souls of ours
Will have a wider range.

From these worn and wearied bodies
Soon, soon we shall be free,
And the glory of the after life
In perfect gladness see.

All the sadness that has blended
In every pleasure here,
Will then, in Heaven's pure delight,
Forever disappear.

No more reunions can we know
Like this we hold to-day,
But there is a better one to come
With no good-bye to say.

DEC 30 1910

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